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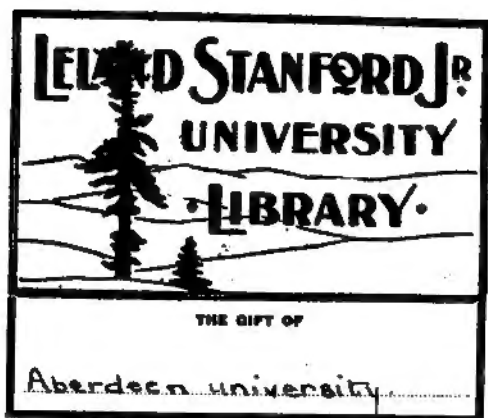
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Aberdeen University

Studies : No. 28

Flosculi Graeci Boreales.

Series Nova.

ABERDONIAE :
EXCUDERANT TYPOGRAPHI ACADEMICI.

Flosculi Graeci Boreali.

—

Anthologia Graeca. Aberdeen.

Scilicet.

—

Joannes.

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Apud Typographos Academicos.

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Flosculi Graeci Boreales,

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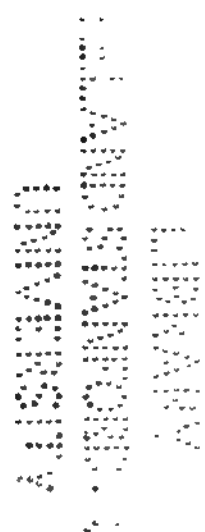
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MCMVII.

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LECTORI BENEVOLO S.P.D.

mi amplius viginti sunt ex quo Anna illa cui Flosculi Graeci Boreales inditum est in lucem prodiit : quoviam emittere seriem iis saepenumero no erat qui deinceps sub Academiae nostrae umbra Graecis litteris incubuerunt, quo apertius significaretur nondum ardorem illum ingenii Aberdonensem deferbuisse, neque Devae Donaeque nemora omnino deseruisse Musas.

Namque hercule nunquam deerant inter nostros, etiam tum in incude studiorum positos, qui Graecis capti Camenis, veterumque poetarum spiritu aliquantulum instincti, priorum vestigiis ingrederentur; nobis autem, ut ille flosculos e Musarum hortulis decerpendi iucundissimus fuisset labor, ita inter cotidianas inventutis erudiendae curas parum suppetebat otii, resque in aliud usque tempus differebatur.

At cum in eo esset Academia nostra ut natalicias quarti saeculi sui celebraret ferias, abiecta tandem cunctatione visum est qualemcunque hanc versuum contexere corollam, frontique Almae nostrae Matris, liberalium nutrici studiorum, cum amore gratisque animis praeponere.

In quo libet recordari quid vir ille doctissimus ingenii-
que praestantissimus, Gulielmus Duguid Geddes, cui tot
Aberdonia, tot Scotia accepta refert beneficia, de hac re
senserit; qui cum seriem illam Flosculorum priorem
emittebat in lucem querebatur quod plerique haec studia
liberrima adeo nihili facerent ut verendum esset ne mox in
exilium Camenae maerentes expellerentur. Quin nostris
etiam temporibus vulgo ab inurbanis ambigitur an operam
oleumque perdant qui Graecis se dedant litteris; quod-
que ad curam illam exquisitam attinet carmina secundum
Graecos cum lepore atque elegantia pangendi, non desunt
qui velut ad proelium accincti studia haec omnino delenda
esse vociferentur, quippe quae in se vana sint et inania,
atque ab hominum usu aliena: absurdum enim esse et
perridiculum eos Graece operam dare factitandis versibus
qui ne apud suos quidem suaeque usi lingua poetae evasuri
sint.

Libentissime equidem veterum patrocinium discipli-
narum suscepissem, ne inauditae et indefensae damnaren-
tur, si quid inde profuturum esse credidissem. Sed quid
commodi affert apud iudices a Musis prorsus alienos, qui
leporem litterarum et venustatem ne odorati quidem sint,
causam dicere? Qui enim pulcherrima quaeque poetarum
veterum imitari, atque Graeca ipsi lingua ad suos sensus
exprimendos uti didicerint, ii soli pro explorato habent
quantum dignitate Aeschylus et grandiloquentia praeful-
geat, quam mira arte Sophocles quibusque placeat veneri-

bus, atque, ut omittamus alios, quantus in Euripide sit nitor atque sapientia. Attamen facile Spartam apud Lacedaemonios collaudare.

Quid plura? quod enim vobis persuasissimum est, id fortasse aliis ineptum et ridiculum videbitur: nempe quae vulgo utilia praedicantur studia, quippe ad usus vitae spectantia cotidianos, ea plerumque in fingendis iuvenum animis vim omnino nullam aut perexiguam habere, quae autem ab incultis ut vana atque inutilia contemnuntur, in iis summam inesse utilitatem. Si quis autem diversa sentiet satis erit illud Eveni veteris respondere

σοὶ μὲν ταῦτα δοκοῦντ' ἔστω ἐμοὶ δὲ τὰδε.

Quae hodie in lucem prodeunt carmina inter unius omnia et viginti annorum spatium condita sunt ex quo primus ille Flosculorum apud Aberdonenses editor Gulielmus Duguid Geddes litterarum Graecarum munus Professoris abdicavit. Sed ut nexus quidam inter Epigonos maioresque continuaretur, carmen unum ab illius scrinio prolatum ut proemium addidimus.

In iis denique quae lusimus, lector humanissime, si quid lentitudinis insit aut teporis, si quae maculae incuria subrepserint, da, quaesimus, veniam,

Valeque.

SCRIBEBAMUS ABERDONIAE KAL. DEC.
A.S. MCMVII.

GRATIAS agere velimus Ludovico Morris, Andreae Lang, Henrico Newbolt, Algernoni C. Swinburne, qui pro sua singulari comitate locos quosdam e libris suis delectos potestatem nobis fecerint hoc in opusculo publicandi: nec non Duglassio Strachan, viro amicissimo, qui Musae figuram primore in libro arte exquisita depinxerit.

Porro quod nobis permiserunt ut ex operibus poetarum nostratium quibus usus esset exciperemus: Macmillan et Sociis, carminum Alfredi Baronis Tennyson, Matthaei Arnold, Eduardi FitzGerald; Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner et Sociis, Eduardi Arnold; Longmans, Green, et Sociis, Roberti L. Stevenson; Joanni Lane, Ricardi Le Gallienne; Gulielmo Blackwood et Filiis, Georgii Eliot, curatoribus maximae nobis gratiae reddendae sunt.

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δίκαιον οὖν ἡμᾶς μὴ τῶν πατέρων χείρους φαίνεσθαι.

THUCYD. II. 11.

**ΤΩ. ΕΝ ΑΒΕΡΔΟΝΙΑ. ΠΑΝΕΠΙΣΤΗΜΙΩ.
ΕΚΑΤΟΝΤΑΕΤΗΡΙΔΟΣ ΤΕΤΑΡΤΗΣ
ΕΟΡΤΗΝ ΔΙΟΝΤΙ.**

ὦ μῆτερ σοφίης, Δώνη πάρα πορφυροδίῳ
 ἢ τεὸν οἶκον ἔχεις, καλὸν εὐκτίμενον,
 νύκτα διὰ δνοφερὴν ποτ' ἐφάνθης, ἠπιόδωρε,
 ἀσπασίον προγόνοις ἡμετέροισι φῶος,
 οὔτε Καληδονίην κραναὴν τότε ναιετάασκον,
 ἄγριοι, οὔτε θεῶν ἰδριες οὔτε νόμων,
 οὐτ' ἄρα Παιᾶνος ἔργων πολυφαρμάκου ἐσθλῶν
 ἀλλ' ὀλέκοντο νόσοις ἄμμοροι ὄντες ἀκῶν·
 οὐδέ γ' Ὀλυμπιάδων Μουσάων δῶρ' ἐρατεινὰ
 ᾗδεσαν οὐδὲ χοροὺς μελιχίων Χαρίτων.
 πάντα δ' ἀνήμερα, πάντ' ἔριδος μέστ' ἦν ἀλεγεινῆς
 τρύχετο δ' ἀνθρώπων ἐν κακότητι βίος.
 ἀλλὰ σὺ τοῖς δειλοῖσι πόνων εὐώπιδ' ἀρωγὴν
 εὔρες, ἐπιστήμης λαμπάδ' ἔχουσ' ἱερήν.
 τέσσαρας εἰς δ' ἐτέων τελέας ἐκατοντάδας ἄνθος
 σοὶ θαλέθει δόξης αἶν ἀεζόμενον.
 τοιγὰρ δεῦρο μολόντες ἀλλήλες ἠγερέθονται
 ἡματι τῷδ' ἀστοὶ παντοδαπῶν πόλεων
 εἵνεκα σῆς τιμῆς ἐρικυδέα δῶρα φέροντες
 εἰς τερπνὰς θαλίας, εὐφροσύνην τε φίλην.
 πῶς ἄρα τέκνα σέθεν θρεπτήρια τίσομεν ἴσα·
 πῶς ἀγανοφροσύνης ἀξί' ἀμειψόμεθα·
 οὐχ ἡμῖν τρίποδες περικαλλέες οὐδὲ λέβητες
 ἀργύρεοι, φωτῶν ἐσθλὰ τροφεῖ' ἀφνειῶν.
 ἡμέτεραι χρυσοῦ κεναὶ χεῖρες, οὐδ' ἂν ἔχοιμεν,
 Γλαῦκος ὅπως, τίθειν κρείσσονα τῆς δόσεως.
 ἀλλὰ δέχου τόδ' ἄγαλμ', ἀνθέων χλοερῶν στεφάνωμα,
 λειμώνεσσι τεοῖς σύντροφον ἀγρονόμοις·
 οὐδέ τε καὶ μέγα χαῖρ', ἡμῖν δ' ἐπιτάρροθος ἴσθι,
 κουροτρόφος τ' ἀγαθὴ τοῖς ἐπυγυγνομένοις.

J. H.

IN MEMORIAM GUL. D. GEDDES.

Οἱ μεγάλοι τε σοφοί τε φάος λείπουσ' ἐρατεινὸν
 τὰς δὲ σιωπηλὰς Ἰδίου ἔχουσιν ὁδοὺς,
 ἀλλ' οὐ πως ἄρεται ζάθειας στυγεροῦ θανάτου
 ἀμφικαλύπτονται κυανέοις νέφεσιν,
 ἀσφαλὲς δὲ βροτοῖσι μένουσ' ἔτι καὶ μενέουσιν
 τοῖσιν ἐπιχθονίοις τηλόθι λαμπόμεναι,
 οὐδὲ φίλη κεφαλὴ, σοὶ ἐνὶ φθιμένοις περ ἰόντι
 κοιμηθέντι θ' ὕπνον πᾶσιν ὀφειλόμενον,
 οὐχ ἄλλως ἔρρουσι λόγοι τεοί, οὐδὲ μάταια
 ἔργματα σ' εἰς ταχινήν ληθεδὸνα φθινύθει.
 ἦ ῥα σύ τοι φιλόμουσος ἀνὴρ Μούσαις τ' ἀγαπητὸς
 καὶ Χάρισιν σεμναῖς εὖ μάλ' ἔησθα φίλος.
 οἱ γὰρ ἀοιδόπολοι, κλέος ἀφθιτον Ἑλλάδος ἱρῆς,
 οἱ δὲ καὶ ἀψάμενοι τῶν κορυφῶν σοφίης,
 εἰ δέ τις ἀγλαὰ ἔργα ἔῃ ἐγκάτθετο τέχνη,
 ἐκ Μουσέων ἀρύσας πίδακος ἀγνορύτου,
 κεδνότατοι πάντων σοὶ κήδιστοί τ' ἐνὶ θυμῷ
 τῶν μερόπων ὁπόσους ἡέλιός ποτ' ἶδεν.
 ἦ πού τις Χαρίτων ἐκπαγλὸν ἔδαιεν ἀοιδῶν
 ἕμερον ἡδίστων σαῖς πραπίδεσσιν ἐνι.
 τῷ σοὶ Μαιονίδης μελήγηρυν φίλτατος ἦεν,
 μουσσοπύλων πάντων πρεσβύτατος σοφίῃ.
 χρύσειός τε Πλάτων, ἐτεὸς Μουσέων ὑποφήτης,
 ἄκρα μεριμνήσας ἐν φρεσὶ πευκαλίμαις.
 δρεψάμενος δὲ λόγων ἐνθέων κάλλιστον ἄωτον
 ἐρμηνεὺς πινυτῆς τοῖς ἐτάροις ἐγένου·
 δεινὸν ὁμιληταῖσι δ' ἐνεστάζεσκες ἔρωτα
 ἡδυθρόων Μουσέων σαῖς ὑποθημοσύναις.
 ἦρυνσο καὶ κλεινῆς σοφίης στεφάνωμ' ἀγέρονχον
 εὐκλειάν τ' ἀγαθὴν ἦν χρόνος οὐ μαρνεῖ.
 οὐδὲ μὲν οὐδὲ θανὼν ἔθανες, ζῶεις δ' ἔτι, λαμπρὸς
 πурсὸς ὅπως στίλβων τοῖς ἐπνυγγομένοις.

J. H.

I

ULYSSES.

It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
I cannot rest from travel : I will drink
Life to the lees : all times I have enjoy'd
Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone ; on shore, and when
Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vext the dim sea : I am become a name ;
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known ; cities of men

I.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ.

Ὡς οὐδὲν ὄφελος, ἦν ἀναξ ἄργός τις ὦν
παρ' ἐστίῃ τῇδ' ἔνδον αἰχμάζω, πέτρας
ναίων ἀκάρπους τάσδ', ὅπου ζευχθεῖς λέχει
γραίας γυναικός, οὐκ ἴσους θεσμούς νέμω
βροτοῖς ἀγροίοις, οἱ μάτην φαῦλον βίον
ἔσθουσι συλλέγοντες, εὐδουσὶν θ' ὕπνῳ,
οὐδ' οἶός εἰμ' ἴσασιν. ἀλλ' ἐμοὶ πλανῶν
οὔπω πάρεστι παῦλα. τοιγὰρ ἐς τρύγα
τόλμης χαρὰν οἰνοῦσσαν ἐκπιεῖν θέλω.
ᾠρας δ' ἀπάσης τέρψιν εἵληφα σφοδράν,
σφοδράν τε λύπην, σὺν θ' ἑταίροισιν φίλοις
μόνος τε, νῦν μὲν χέρσον ἐκπερῶν χθόνα,
νῦν δ' ἐν κλύδωσι νηλεῶν ὑφ' ἑτάδων
ζέσασι, τυφῶ ξὺν ζάλαις τ' ὀμβροκτύποις.
πλανώμενος γὰρ αἰὲν οἰστρώσῃ φρενὶ
κλειῶς πέφυκα· πόλλ' ἰδὼν ἐπίσταμαι

And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honour'd of them all ;
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met ;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use !
As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains : but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things ; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

TENNYSON.

ἄσθη βροτῶν τρόπους τε τὰς θ' ὀμηγύρεις
 ἀρχὰς τε βουλὰς τ' εἰσιῶν βουληφόρων
 στρατηγὸς ὥσπερ, οὐδ' ἐνειμέ μοι λόγον
 σμικρὸν ποτ' οὐδεὶς, ἀλλὰ σὺν τιμωμένοις
 ἐντιμος ἔστην, καὶ δορυσσόου κλόνου
 χαρὰς μετέσχον ξὺν φίλων ὀμηγύρει
 πύργοις ἔριγδούποισιν Ἰλίου πάρα.
 οὐδ' ἦν θεωρὸς ἐν βίου τραγῳδίᾳ,
 ἐμοὶ δ' ἅπαν δῆθ', ὥσπερ Ἴριδος κύκλος,
 δοκεῖ πελάζειν, εἴτ' ἀποπτᾶσθαι πρόσω,
 πετεινὸν αἰὲν εἴτ' ἂν ἐκτείνω χέρα.
 ὥς φαῦλός ἐστ' οὖν ὃς βίον τρίβει μάτην,
 ἐὼν ἀμαυρὰν ἀργίαν τρώγειν φρένας,
 ὥς δῆτ' ἂν εἰ τὸ ζῆν τόδ' ἦν τὸ πνεῖν μόνον.
 αἰὼν γὰρ εἰς αἰῶνα συγκεχωσμένος
 σμικρὸν μέν, οὐδὲ τοῦδ' ἐμοὶ μέτρον μακρόν,
 σώσω δ' ὅμως τὸ λοιπὸν εἰς χρεῖαν τινά,
 ἀρπάζεται τε πᾶσ' ἀπ' αἰανοῦς ὕπνου
 ὥρα, νεογνὸν αἰὲν ὠδίνουσά τι.
 ἦ μὲν ποιηρὸς ἦν ἄν, εἰ δὴ ἡλίου
 κύκλους ἐμὸν σώζοιμι φειδωλὸς βίον
 ψυχὴν πεδηθεὶς, ἥτις ὥσπερ ἀστέρας
 Μούσας διώξει καίπερ Ἀτλαντος πέραν,
 ὅποι δέδυκεν Ἥλιος καὶ νοῦ σέλας.

G.

II.
SONG.

Gloomy winter's noo awa,
Saft the wastlin' breezes blaw :
'Mang the birks o' Stanley-shaw
The mavis sings fu' cheerie, O.

Sweet the craw-flower's early bell
Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell,
Bloomin' like thy bonnie sel',
My young, my artless dearie, O.

Come, my lassie, let us stray
O'er Glenkilloch's sunny brae,
Blithely spend the gowden day
'Midst joys that never weary, O.

Hovering o'er the Newton woods,
Laverocks fan the snaw-white clouds,
Siller saughs, wi' downie buds,
Adorn the banks sae brierie, O.

II.

ΚΩΜΟΣ.

Ἦδη χείματος ὥρα ἀποίχεται ἀερόεντος,
καὶ μαλακῶ Ζεφύρῳ τοῖς πνεύμασι θέλγεται αἶα·
κὴν κοτίνων σκιεραῖς ὀροδαμνίσιν ταῖδε κιχῆλαι
γαθοσύναν ἀχεῦσιν αἰοιδᾶν τῶς ἀνὰ δρυμῶς.
ἄδῦ κορύμβοισιν δὲ γελᾶντι τῷ αἰγυπύροιο
εἰαρινοῖς λειμῶνες ἀν' ἄγκεα τὰ δροσόεντα.
ἄδῦ μὲν αἰγυπυρος θαλέθει καλός, ἄδῦ δὲ καὶ τύ,
ἱμερόεσσα κόρα, δώρων ἔτι νῆις ἔρωτος.
δεῦρ' ἔρπωμες ὁδὸν κλιτὺν ἀνὰ τάνδ', ἐρόεσσα,
ἂν θάλπει φαέθων τὸ μεσαμβρινὸν ἄλιος αὐγαῖς,
καὶ φρένας εὐφροσύνην ταρπώμεθα καὶ φιλότῃτι
ἄμαρ ἅπαν χρυσοῦν, ἐπεὶ οὐ κόρος ἐστὶν ἔρωτος.
ἦνιδ' ὑπὲρ δένδρων νεφέλαις ἐνὶ τοῖ κορυδαλλοῖ
λευκοτέραις χιόνος δινεῦνται ταῖς πτερύγεσσι·
ἀργύφει δὲ βρύοις λαχνώδεσι πάντοθεν ἄγνοι
δαψιλέως κοσμεῦντι ῥόδοις ἐπιειμένας ὄχθας.

Round the sylvan fairy nooks
 Feathery braikens fringe the rocks,
 'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,
 And ilka thing is cheerie, O.

Trees may bud, and birds may sing,
 Flowers may bloom, and verdure spring,
 Joy to me they canna bring,
 Unless wi' thee, my dearie, O.

TANNAHILL.

ἐν δὲ νάπαισιν ὅθι Νύμφαι χορὸν ἀρτίζονται
ἡῦκομοι πτερίδες στυφελᾶς πέτρας ἀμφὶ φύοντι.
νέρθε γεωλόφῳ ὧδε κατείβεται ὑψόθεν ὕδωρ,
φαιδρὰ δὲ πάντα γελᾷ καὶ χαίρει ἐπ' εἶαρος ὥρᾳ.
δένδρεα μὲν θαλέθει, καλὰ δ' ὄρνιχες λαλαγεῦντι,
καὶ ποίαν χλοερὰν πέδον ἄφθονον ἐξανίητι,
τηλεθάει δ' ἀμῶν ἴα καὶ ῥόδα τὰ δροσόεντα
ἀλλὰ τί μοι τῶν ἄδος ἄτερθε τεοῦς, γλυκύμαλον;

J. H.

III.

CICERO, CRASSUS, CATO, CÆSAR.

- CIC. I know well in what terms I do receive
The commonwealth, how vexed, how perplex'd :
In which there's not that mischief, or ill fate,
That good men fear not, wicked men expect
not.
I know, besides, some turbulent practices
Already on foot, and rumours of more dangers—
- CRASS. Or you will make them, if there be none.
- CIC. Last,
I know 'twas this, which made the envy and
pride
Of the great Roman blood bate, and give way
To my election.
- CATO. Marcus Tullius, true ;
Our need made thee our consul, and thy virtue.
- CÆS. Cato, you will undo him with your praise.

III.

ΚΙΚΕΡΩΝ, ΚΡΑΣΣΟΣ, ΚΑΤΩΝ, ΚΑΙΣΑΡ.

ΚΙΚ. Ἄνδρες, τὰ μὲν δὴ πόλεος, ὥς ἀτωμένη
οἷα νόσφ' ξύνεστιν, εἰς ἀρχὰς μολῶν
ἔξοιδ'· ἃ γάρ τοι δυστυχεῖ παλιγκότως
πρὸς τ' οὖν τὸ πίπτον, οὐδέν ἐσθ' ὁποῖον οὐ
κακὸς μὲν ἐλπίζει τις, ἔνδικος δ' ὀκνεῖ·
τοῦτ' αἰθίς, οὐνεχ' οἱ μὲν ἔργοισι στάσι
πράσσουσιν ἤδη, τοῖς δ' ἐπαίρεται λόγῳ.

ΚΡ. ἄλλους δ' ὑφήσεις αὐτός, ἦν μηδεὶς φανῇ.

ΚΙΚ. αὐθ' ὦν ἐμοὶ δὴ πράγματ' εἰσεχείρισαν,
σφριγῶντα θυμοῦ τλάντες ἰσχνᾶναι φθόνον,
οἱ παντόσεμνοι.

ΚΑΤ. πῶς γὰρ οὐκ, ὦναξ, ἐπεὶ
χρεῖα μὲν ἡμῶν, σαῖσι δ' ἀρεταῖσιν κρατεῖς;

ΚΑΙ. ἀπλῶς ὀλεῖς νῦν εὐλογῶν καιροῦ πέρα.

CATO. Caesar will hurt himself with his own envy.

PEOPLE. The voice of Cato is the voice of Rome.

CATO. The voice of Rome is the consent of Heaven !

And that hath placed thee, Cicero, at the helm,
Where thou must render now thyself a man,
And master of thy art. Each petty hand
Can steer a ship becalm'd ; but he that will
Govern and carry her to her ends, must know
His tides, his currents ; how to shift his sails,
What she will bear in foul, what in fair weather ;
Where her springs are, her leaks ; and how to
stop 'em ;

What sands, what shelves, what rocks do
threaten her ;

The forces and the natures of all winds,
Gusts, storms, and tempests ; when her keel
ploughs hell,

And deck knocks heaven ; then to manage her,
Becomes the name and office of a pilot.

CIC. Which I'll perform with all the diligence
And fortitude I have ; not for my year,
But for my life ; except my life be less,
And that my year conclude it : if it must,
Your will, loved Gods. This heart shall yet
employ

A day, an hour is left me, so for Rome,
As it shall spring a life out of my death,

ΚΑΤ. αὐτὸς δ' ἂν αὐτὸν Καῖσαρ, ὡς φθονεῖ, δάκοι.

ΧΟ. καὶ μὴν Κάτωνι πᾶς ὁμορροθεῖ πόλις.

ΚΑΤ. θεὸς δ' ἐπήνεσ' ἂν ὁμορροθῇ πόλις·
 ἀλλ' ἦδε γὰρ δὴ φύλακά σ' οἰάκων καλεῖ,
 ἴθ', ὦ βροτῶν ἄριστε, πάντ' ἀνὴρ γενοῦ,
 τέχνης δ' ἄκρος· χρεὼν γάρ. εὐδούσης ἀλὸς
 τίς κἂν ὁ μηδεὶς οὐκ ἂν ἰθύνει δόρυ·
 ὅστις δὲ νωμῶν ἀξιοῖ, σοφὸς γεγώς,
 κέλσαι τ' ἀπήμων τέρματ', εὖ τοῦτον χρεὼν
 ῥοάς, διαύλους ἐξεπίστασθαι σάλου·
 χαλᾶν δὲ λαῖφος ἥνικ' ἐντείνειν τ' ἀκμή,
 χειμῶνος εἴτ' ἔκυρσε νηνέμου πλάτης·
 πλοῖον δ', ἔάν που μὴ στέγη, κατειδέναι,
 τί δ' αὐτλον εἵργοι δρῶν ἄν· ὅσα δ' ἐπὶ φθορᾷ
 ξυνάμοσ' ἐχθροῦ βραχέα, χοιράδες, πέτραι,
 ῥώμην δὲ πάντα πνεύμαθ', ἣν τ' ἔχει φύσιν,
 σκηπτοί, ζάλαι, τυφῶνες· ἐν τοιῷδε γάρ,
 ᾗδου βαθεῖαν ἄλοχ' ὅταν ῥήξῃ τρόπις,
 ἔπειτα, λάκτισμ' οὐρανοῦ, ῥιφθῇ σκάφος,
 καιρὸς κυβερνᾶν, ὥστ' ἐτητύμως κλύειν.

ΚΙΚ. οὐ δῆτ' ἐν ἀργοῖς τοῦτό μοι πεπράζεται,
 ἀλλ' ἐκ παρούσης, ὡς κατ' ἄνδρ', εὐψυχίας·
 καίτοι τόδ' οἶσω τέλος ἐτήσιον μὲν οὐ,
 βίον δὲ τὸν πάντ'· ἦν δέ πως μείων ταβεῖς
 ἀρχῇ ξυνανύσῃ τῇδ', ἵτω τὸ μόρσιμον,
 τὰ γὰρ φίλ' ὑμῖν, ὦ θεῶν, στέρξω, σέβας.
 ἡ κάρτα πατρίδος ἀλλὰ τὸν λοιπὸν χρόνον
 ὑπερκαμῶμαι καπὶ θανασίμῳ ῥοπῇ,
 εἴτ' οὖν ἐφέρψει βαιόν, ὥστε τᾶν μέσῳ

To shine for ever glorious in my facts :
The vicious count their years, virtuous their
acts.

PEOPLE. Most noble consul ! let us wait him home.

BEN JONSON, *Catiline*, III., 1.

τέκνωμ' αείζων καὶ νεκροῦ γενήσεται,
τὸ μήποτ' ἔργων ἐξαμανροῦσθαι δίχα·
φαῦλοις ἐτῶν τοι, πραγμάτων δ' ἐσθλοῖς λόγος.

ΧΟ. ὦ λῆμ' ἄριστον· ἀλλὰ πέμπωμέν σφ' ἔσω.

R. A. N.

IV.

WHAT OF THE DARKNESS?

What of the Darkness? Is it very fair?
Are there great calms and find ye silence there?
Like soft-shut lilies all your faces glow
With some strange peace our faces never know,
With some great faith our faces never dare.
Dwells it in Darkness? Do ye find it there?

Is it a Bosom where tired heads may lie?
Is it a Mouth to kiss our weeping dry?
Is it a Hand to still the pulse's leap?
Is it a Voice that holds the runes of sleep?
Day shows us not such comfort anywhere.
Dwells it in Darkness? Do ye find it there?

Out of the Day's deceiving light we call,
Day that shows man so great and God so small,
That hides the stars and magnifies the grass;
Oh, is the Darkness too a lying glass?
Or, undistracted, do ye find truth there?
What of the Darkness? Is it very fair?

R. LE GALLIENNE.

IV.

ΠΟΙΑ Δ' ΑΡ' Η ΝΤΞ;

Ποία δ' ἄρ' ἡ νύξ; ἥ τι κάλλιστον βλέπειν;
ἐκεῖ γαλήναι καὶ σιωπηλαὶ πλάκες;
κάλυκα γὰρ οἷα λειρίου κεκλειμένην,
φλέγει τις ὄμμ' ἑκαστον εἰρήνην νέαν
ὥς ἐλπίδ' ἡμῖν οὐποτ' ἐλπιστὴν ἔχειν
ὑμῶν ἐχόντων· ἥ τι τῆς νυκτὸς γέρας;
ἥ κόλπος ὃς κάμνουσι κοιμίζει κῆρα;
ἥ χεῖλος ἐστὶ δακρύων θελκτήριον;
ἥ χεὶρ τὸ θρώσκον ἥ παρηγορεῖ κῆαρ;
ἥ γλῶσσά γ' ἀντίμολπος ἐνστάζουσ' ὕπνον;
οὐδὲν γὰρ ἡμῖν ἡμέρα δηλοῦν ἔχει
ὅποιον ὑμῖν ἐστίν· ἥ νυκτὸς γέρας;
ψευδοῦς ἀποστραφέντες ἡλίου φάος,
ὃς θεὸν ἀτίζων κῦδος ἀντείνει βροτῶν,
χαμηλὰ τιμῶν ἄστρ' ἀμανρώσας ἔχει,
ὑμᾶς καλοῦμεν νυκτὸς ἀγγεῖλαι σκότον
ὅποιός ἐστιν· εἴθ' ὅποιον ἡμέρα
ψευδὲς κάτοπτρον εἴτ' ἀληθείας λιμήν,
καὶ κάλλος ἀξύμβλητον ἡμέραν μαθεῖν.

A. W. M.

V.

CASSANDRA, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, PRIAM

CAS. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

HECT. Peace, sister, peace!

CAS. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled old,
Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;
Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all.
Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen and a woe!
Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go.

HECT. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains
Of divination in our sister work
Some touches of remorse? or is your blood

V.

ΚΑΣΣΑΝΔΡΑ, ΕΚΤΩΡ, ΤΡΩΙΛΟΣ, ΠΑΡΙΣ, ΠΡΙΑΜΟΣ.

- ΚΑΣ. Γοᾶσθε, Τρῶες, μυρίοις γὰρ ὄμμασιν
 ἄρκῳ παρασχεῖν μαντικὴν πλημμυρίδα.
 ΕΚΤ. ἀλλ', ὦ τάλαινα, γλῶσσαν εὐφήμον φέρε.
 ΚΑΣ. ὦ παρθένοι παῖδες θ', ὅσοις τ' αἰὼν μεσοί,
 ῥυσοὶ γέροντες καὶ βρέφη βοᾶν μόνον
 σθένοντ', ἐμοῖς γόοισι συστενάζετε.
 σιγᾶν γὰρ οὐκέτ', ἐκτίνειν δὲ νῦν ἀκμή
 τῆς μοιροκράντου μικρὸν οἰμωγῆς μέρος.
 γοᾶσθε, νῦν γὰρ βλέφαρα χρὴ προγυμνάσαι.
 Τροίας γὰρ ἄστυ καλλίπυργον οἴχεται,
 Πάρις δ' ἅπαντας ἐκπυροῖ δαλοῦ δίκην.
 αἶαι.
 Ἑλένην ὁμοῦ γοᾶσθε τὴν πολύστονον.
 οὐ τήνδ' ἀφήσεται; εἰ δὲ μή, Τροία φλέγει.
 ΕΚΤ. ἄρ' ἔσθ' ὅπως σύ, Τρωίλου νέον κᾶρα,
 τὰ σέμν' ἀδελφῆς θεσπιφδούσης κλύων
 οὐπω τι πάσχεις δηξικάρδιον πάθος;

οὐ σωφρονίζεω οὐδ' ἐπῶν πειθοῖ πάρα
τὸν σὸν ζέοντα θυμόν; οὐκ ὀκνεῖς φόβῳ
μὴ πτῶμ' ἔχῃς κακόν τι, δρασείων κακά;

ΤΡΩ. οὐ γάρ, κασίγνητ', ἐργμάτων γε τοῦνδικον
ἐκ τῶν προβασῶν χρή τεκμαίρεσθαι τυχῶν,
οὐδ', εἴπερ αὕτη μαίνεται, θάρσος φρενῶν
μεθιέναι δεῖ. πῶς γὰρ ἂν λυσσήμασι
νοσοῦσα πλημμελές τι τοιᾶδε σθένει
ἔριδι προσάπτειν, ἧ γε προξενεῖ χάριν
ἡμῶν ἕκαστος εὐκλεοῦς δόξης ἄπο;
ἐμοῦ γὰρ οὔνεκ', ἴσθι κοινωνοὺς ἅμα
νείκους ἀδελφοὺς ὄντας ἐξ ἴσης ἐμοί.
ἀλλ', ὦ πάτερ Ζεῦ, μηδὲ μαλθακωτάτοις
ἐνθύμιόν τι λήμασιν πράσσοι ποτὲ
ἡμῶν τις, ὅκνον τοῦ παραστατεῖν φέρων.

ΠΑΡ. ἐπεὶ ματαίαν μωρίαν ὀφλοίμεν ἄν,
ἔργων τ' ἔγωγ', ὑμεῖς τε τῶν βουλευμάτων.
μαρτύρομαι δὲ τοὺς θεοὺς, ὑμᾶς ἐμοὶ
ὁμορροθοῦντας πρενμενῶς σπεύδοντί περ
σπουδὴν προσάψαι, καὶ φοβημάτων ὁμοῦ
ἀποστερηῆσαί μ' ἐχομένων πείρας τόσης.
τί γὰρ ποτ' ἀρκῶ τοῖσδ' ὅπλοις μονόστολος;
πῶς ἂν σθένειμι τῷ μονοφρούρῳ θράσει
ὀρμὴν ἀλέξειν ὧν ἂν ἦδ' ἄμιλλά μοι
ἐναντίον στήσειεν; ἀλλ' εἴ πῶς μ' ἔδει
μόνον κακῶν τῶνδ' ἐξαπαλλάξαι πόδας,
σπουδῇ δ' ἐνώμων ἐξισούμενον κράτος,
οὐκ ἂν Πάρις γε τᾶργ' ἀναστρέψαι πάλιν
ἐβούλει, οὐδ' ἔλγηγε τῶν διωγμάτων.

PRL

Paris, you speak
Like one besotted on your sweet delights :
You have the honey still, but these the gall ;
So to be valiant is no praise at all.

SHAKESPEARE, *Troilus and Cressida*, II, 2.

ΠΡΙ. τί δ' ὥς γλυκείαις ἡδοναῖς ψνωμένος
ληρεῖς ; σὺ μὲν γὰρ νέκταρος γέμεις ἔτι,
ἀλλ' ἄνδρες οὗτοι πώματος μελαγχόλου.
πῶς οὖν θράσος τοῖόν γ' ἐπαινέσαι χρεών ;

W. B. A.

VI.

REQUIEM.

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

R. L. STEVENSON.

VI.

ΧΑΙΡΕ.

ὦ φίλοι ἀλλὰ με θάψαθ' ὑπαὶ πόλῳ ἀστερόεντι,
ἔνθα καταχθόνιος κείσομαι εὖτε θάνω.
χαῖρον μὲν ζῶων, χαίρων δὲ κατήλυθον Ἅιδην,
ἄσμενος, οὐδ' ἀέκων, γῆν ἐπιεσσάμενος.

θάψαντες δέ, φίλοι, μὴ πόλλ' ἐπιγράψατε τύμβον,
μηδ' ἐπίμομφα θεοῖς, ἀλλ' ἐπίγραμμα τόδε·
κείμεν ὅπου ποθέεσκον, ὁδίτα, λελασμένος ἄγρης
ἀγρευτῆς· ναύτης κύματα μακρὰ λαθών.

A. W. M.

VII.

SONG.

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them whaur' the heather grows,
Ca' them whaur' the burnie rows,
My bonnie dearie.

Will ye gang doun the water side,
And see the waves sae sweetly glide,
Beneath the hazels spreading wide?
The moon it shines fu' clearly.

I was bred up at nae sic school,
My shepherd lad, to play the fool,
And a' the day to sit in dool,
And naebody to see me.

VII.

ΕΙΔΥΛΛΙΟΝ.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ.

Εἰς τὸ κάταντες τῆνο γεώλοφον ἄρνας ἔλαυνε,
ὦ τὸ καλὸν ποθορεῦσα, φίλον θαλός, ὦ τριπόθατε,
τηνεῖ ὅθι μάλ' ἐπηεταναὶ πεφύασιν ἐρεῖκαι,
ἀέναόν τ' ἀπὸ τῶν σπιλάδων ῥέει ὑψόθεν ὕδωρ.
λῆς μετ' ἐμεῦ, χαρίεσσα, καλὸν παρὰ Θύμβριδος ὕδωρ
ἔρπειν ἔνθα τὸ νῆμα κατεῖβεται ἀδὺ καχλάσδον
ἄλσος ὑπο σκιερῶν πλατανίστων; ἡνίδε φαίνει
νυκτὶ Σελαναία λιπαρόχροος ἀγλαὰς αἰγὰς.

ΑΜΑΡΤΛΛΙΣ.

Ἄ δειλαῖε τὸ βουκόλ', ἀπεχθῇ ἐμὶν τάδε εἶπες.
οὐ μεμάθηκα κακὰ καὶ ἀπάρθενος ἦμεν ἔγωγα,
ἀν λῖπ' ἀνὴρ μετὰ λέκτρ', ἐξ αὐοῦς τὴν ἐπὶ νύκτα
μῶναν, οὐδέ τις οἶδε τέθναχ' ἂδ' ἡ ζῶα ἐστί.

Ye shall get gowns and ribbons meet,
Calf leather shoon upon your feet,
And in my arms ye'se lie and sleep,
And ye shall be my dearie.

If ye'll but stand to what ye've said,
I'se gang wi' you, my shepherd lad ;
And ye may row me in your plaid,
And I shall be your dearie.

While waters wimple to the sea,
While day blinks in the lift sae hie,
Till clay-cauld death shall blin' my e'e,
Ye aye shall be my dearie.

ISABELLA PAGAN.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ.

ἀμπεχόνας δωσῶ τε καὶ ἄμπυκας οἷας ἔοικε
 κἄμφοτέροις ποσὶ τεύς, γάμου ἄξιον ἔδνον, ἀμύκλας,
 ἀγκοῖνησι δ' ἐμαῖς ἐνὶ κλινθεῖσ' ὕπνον ἰαύσεις
 καί, χαρίεσσα, μόνα τύ γα Δαφνίδος ἔσση ἐρωτίς.

ΑΜΑΡΤΑΛΙΣ.

αἶ κε τὸ τῆν' ἃ λέγεις ἔπη ἔμπεδα πάντα φυλάξης,
 ἦ τοὶ ὀμαρτήσω, τὸ καλὸν πεφιλαμένε βούτα,
 ἄμμε δὲ κῆν τὸ θέλῃς κρύψει μία χλαῖνα φιλεῦντας,
 καὶ γὰρ δὴ μάλα τεύς γα λιλαιομαι ἡμεν ἐρωτίς.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ.

ὅς ἔθ' ὕδωρ πόντονδε κατειβόμενον κελαρύζει,
 λάμπει δ' ἄελιος φασσίμβροτος οὐρανὸν αἰπύν,
 ἔσσε κ' ἐμὲ κρυερὸς θάνατος σκότῃ ὅσσε καλύψει,
 ὦ χαρίεσσα, μόνα τύ γα Δαφνίδος ἔσση ἐρωτίς.

J. H.

VIII.

TIBERIUS, SEJANUS.

TIB. Is yet Sejanus come?

SEJ. He's here, dread Caesar.

TIB. Let all depart that chamber, and the next.
Sit down, my comfort. When the master prince
Of all the world, Sejanus, saith he fears,
Is it not fatal?

SEJ. Yes, to those are fear'd.

TIB. And not to him?

SEJ. Not if he wisely turn
That part of fate he holdeth, first on them.

TIB. That nature, blood, and laws of kind forbid.

SEJ. Do policy and state forbid it?

TIB. No.

SEJ. The rest of poor respects, then, let go by;
State is enough to make the act just, them guilty.

VIII.

ΤΙΒΕΡΙΟΣ, ΣΗΙΑΝΟΣ.

- Τ. Σηανὸς ἦκει δεῦρο, πρόσπολοι, παρών ;
Ξ. ὁδ' εἰμ' ἐγώ σοι, Καίσαρος σεμνὸν κάρα.
Τ. ἀπέλθεθ' ὑμεῖς τῆσδε τῆς τ' ἐγγὺς στέγης.
σὺ δ' ἂν καθίζοις, ὦ κακῶν ἰατρέ μοι·
εἰ μὲν γὰρ αὐτὸς πάντα δεσπότης νέμω,
ὅμως δ' ἔχει μ', ἐρῶ γὰρ ἄντικρυς, φόβος,
εἴτ' οὐκ ἀνάγκη καὶ θανεῖν ;
Σ. ὅς γ' ἂν φοβῇ.
Τ. τόνδ' ἄνδρα δ' οὐ φῆς ;
Σ. οὐκ, ἐπισκήψαντά γ' εὖ
πρότερον ἐκείνοις τοῦπί σοι πότμου μέρος.
Τ. φύσις γὰρ εἶργει χαῖμα χοῖ γένους νόμοι.
Σ. ἦ καὶ τὸ κοινὸν καὶ τὸ συμφέρον πόλει ;
Τ. οὐ ταῦτά γ' οὐδέν.
Σ. τᾶλλα μὴ ἵτραπῆς ἄρα
τὰ φλαυρ', ἐπεὶ τὸ κοινὸν ἐξαρκούν κυρεῖ
τὸ σὸν μὲν ὀρθόν, τοὺς δ' ἐπαιτίους ποιεῖν.

TIB. Long hate pursues such acts.

SEJ. Whom hatred frights,
Let him not dream of sovereignty.

TIB. Are rites
Of faith, love, piety, to be trod down,
Forgotten and made vain?

SEJ. All for a crown.
The prince who shames a tyrant's name to bear,
Shall never dare do anything, but fear;
All the command of sceptres quite doth perish,
If it begin religious thoughts to cherish:
Whole empires fall, swayed by these nice respects;
It is the licence of dark deeds protects
Ev'n states most hated, when no laws resist
The sword, but that it acteth what it list.

TIB. Yet so, we may do all things cruelly,
Not safely.

SEJ. Yes, and do them thoroughly.

TIB. Knows yet Sejanus whom we point at?

SEJ. Ay,
Or else my thought, my sense, or both do err:
'Tis Agrippina.

TIB. She, and her proud race.

SEJ. Proud! dangerous, Cæsar: for in them apace
The father's spirit shoots up. Germanicus
Lives in their looks, their gait, their form, t' up-
braid us
With his close death, if not revenge the same.

- Τ. ἔχθρα μετῆλθεν ἐς μακρὰν τὰ τοιάδε.
 Σ. ὅστις γε μέντοι συμβαλεῖν ἔχθραν ὀκνεῖ
 ἀρχῇ ξυνεῖναι μηδ' ὄναρ δόξῃ ποτέ.
 Τ. ἄρ' εὐσεβείας, ὀρκίων, στοργῆς τέλη
 ἀμνημόνευτ' ἄκραντα λακτίσαι χρεών;
 Σ. καὶ πάντα γ' ἀρχῆς οὐνεχ'· ὡς ἀναξ ὁδε
 ὄνομα τύραννον ὅστις αἰσχυρῇ φέρει
 τί δῆτ' ἔτλη ποτ' ἄλλο πλὴν ταρβεῖν αἰεί;
 σκῆπτρων γὰρ ἐς τὸ μηδὲν οἴχεται κράτος,
 ὅταν τιθῇ τις τοὺς θεοὺς ἐνθύμιον.
 τὰ λεπτὰ κλίνει καὶ τυραννίδας πεσεῖν·
 σφίζει γὰρ ἔργων ἀσκόπων ἐξουσία,
 σάφ' ἴσθι, καὶ τὰς πλείστον ἐχθίστας πόλεις,
 ἐν αἷς σιδήρῳ θεσμὸς οὐκ ἀνθίσταται
 τὸ μὴ οὐχὶ πάνθ' ὅποια βούλεται τελεῖν.
 Τ. σκληρῶς ἂν εἴη τοῦτο δρᾶν, οὐκ ἀσφαλῶς.
 Σ. ὀκνον γε μὴν ἀφέντι πάντ' ἐν ἀσφαλεῖ.
 Τ. κάτοισθ' ἄρ', ὦ τᾶν, ἐς τίν' ὦδ' ἤνιξάμην;
 Σ. εἰ μὴ γε νοῦν ἢ φροντίδ' ἢ ἔξ ἀμφοῖν νοσῶ·
 λέγεις γὰρ Ἀγριππῖναν, ὡς ἐπεικάσαι.
 Τ. αὐτοῖσί γ' αὐτὴν ἐκγόνοις ὑπέρφροσιν.
 Σ. δεινοῖς μὲν οὖν, ὦ δέσποθ', οἷς γ' ἐκ τοῦ πατρὸς
 τὸ λῆμ' ἀνέσσει συντρόφως τ' ὀφέλλεται·
 Γερμανικοῦ γὰρ ζῆ τε κοῦκ ὄλωλ' ἐκεῖ
 πρόσωπον, εἶδος, σχῆμ'· ὁ δ' ἐγκαλεῖ μόρον
 κρυφαῖον αὐτοῦ καὶ τιτίσται' ἂν τάχα.

TIB. The act's not known.

SEJ. Not proved: but whispering

Fame

Knowledge and proof doth to the jealous give,
Who, than to fail, would their own thought believe.

It is not safe, the children draw long breath,
That are provoked by a parent's death.

TIB. It is as dangerous to make them hence,
If nothing but their birth be their offence.

SEJ. Stay, till they strike at Cæsar; then their crime
Will be enough; but late and out of time
For him to punish.

TIB. Do they purpose it?

SEJ. You know, sir, thunder speaks not till it hit.
Be not secure; none swiftlier are oppressed,
Than they whom confidence betrays to rest.
Let not your daring make your danger such:
All power is to be fear'd where 'tis too much.
The youths are of themselves hot, violent,
Full of great thought; and that male-spirited
dame,
Their mother, slacks no means to put them on,
By large allowance, popular presentings,
Increase of train and state, suing for titles;
Hath them commended with like prayers, like
vows,
To the same gods, with Cæsar.

BEN JONSON, *Sejanus*, II., 2.

- Τ. πῶς εἶπας ; οὐ γὰρ ἔσθ' ὅτ' τοῦργον σαφές.
 Σ. οὐχ ὥστ' ἐλέγξει γ'· ἀλλὰ τοὺς ἐπιφθόνους
 πάντ' ἐκδιδάσκει σῶγα καλέγχει φάτις·
 οἱ δ' ἐλπίσιν πίθονται ἂν οἰκείαις ὁμῶς
 τοῦ μὴ ἄλιπεῖν ἑκατὶ τοιγὰρ οὐ θρασὺ
 σφαγῇ πατρώα χρόνια πνεῖν δεδηγμένους.
- Τ. ἴσον τὸ κινδύνευμα κἀναιρεῖν πάρα,
 εἰ μὴδὲν ἄλλ' ἤμαρτον ἢ πεφυκότες.
- Σ. μίμν' οὖν ἕως παίσωσι Καίσαρος βίαν,
 αἷς τότε ἤδη γ' ἐξαμαρτόντες· σὺ δὲ
 πράσσοις ἂν ὅψῃ καὶ πέρα καιροῦ δίκην.
- Τ. ἢ καὶ ξύνοισθα μηχανωμένοις τάδε ;
- Σ. ἀλλ' οὐδὲ γὰρ δῆ, πρὶν τυχεῖν, βροντὴ βρέμει·
 ὥστ' εὐλαβήθηθ'· ὃν δ' ἐκοίμισεν κακὸν
 θάρσος, τάχιστ' ἂν οὗτος εἰς ἀνὴρ πέσοι.
 τοιόνδ' ἀγῶνα μὴ σὺ γ' εὐτολμος δέχου·
 τὰ πάντα γάρ τοι δεῖν' ὅταν λίαν σθένῃ.
 αὐτοὶ μὲν εἰσιν, τοὺς νεανίας λέγω,
 θερμοί, βίαιοι, καὶ πλέω φρονημάτων,
 ἢ δ' ἀνδρόβουλος οὐ χαλᾷ πάσῃ τέχνῃ
 κεντούσα μήτηρ, πολλὰ συμφέρονσ' αἰεί,
 δῆμψ τ' ἐπεισάγουσα, τήν τ' ὀπισθόπου
 αὖξουσα πομπήν καὶ τυραννικὰς χλιδάς,
 ὄγκον τ' ὀνομάτων παισὶ λιπαροῦσ' ἔχειν·
 καὶ δὴ σφε κατέτρεψεν ἐν λιταῖς ἴσαις,
 ἴσαις δ' ἐν εὐχαῖς, οἷσι καὶ σὲ δαίμοσιν.

R. A. N.

IX.

GAVESTON, KENT, KING EDWARD.

- GAV. My lord, these titles far exceed my worth.
- KENT. Brother, the least of these may well suffice
For one of greater birth than Gaveston.
- K. EDW. Cease, brother : for I cannot brook these words.
Thy worth, sweet friend, is far above my gifts,
Therefore, to equal it, receive my heart :
If for these dignities thou be envied,
I'll give thee more : for, but to honour thee,
Is Edward pleased with kingly regiment.
Fear'st thou thy person ? thou shalt have a
guard :
Wantest thou gold ? go to my treasury :
Wouldst thou be loved and feared ? receive my
seal ;
Save or condemn, and in our name command
What-so thy mind affects or fancy likes.
- GAV. It shall suffice me to enjoy your love,
Which whiles I have, I think myself as great
As Cæsar riding in the Roman street,
With captive kings at his triumphant car.

MARLOWE, *Edward II.*, I., 1.

IX.

ΓΑΤΕΣΤΩΝ, ΚΕΝΤΟΣ, ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΣ.

- Γ. Ἐμῆς τάδ', ὦναξ, ἀξίας ὑπέρτερα.
 Κ. καὶ τῶνδε τοῦλάχιστον ἀρκέσειεν ἂν
 κεί τοῦδ' ἔτ' εἴη πολὺ τις εὐγενέστερος.
 Β. σιγῶς ἂν, ὥς οὐ ταῦτ' ἀνέξομαι κλύων.
 ἀλλ' οὐ γάρ, ὦ φίλ', ἀξίαν τιμᾶν πάρα
 τὴν σὴν τοιούτοις ἀξίως δωρήμασιν,
 πρὸς τοῖσδε κἂν δέχοιο καρδίαν ἐμήν.
 κεῖ τις φθόνος σοὶ γίγνεται τόσων ὑπερ
 καὶ δώσομέν τι πλεῖον, ὥς σκηπτουχίας
 οὐκ ἔστ' ὄνησις, πλὴν σὲ τιμαλφεῖν, ἐμοί.
 ἢ περὶ βίου φοβεῖ τι; δορυφόρους δέχου.
 χρυσοῦ σπανίζει; τὰμὰ σοὶ λαβεῖν πάρα.
 ἀστῶν σὲ φιλία τῶνδε γονυπετεῖς θ' ἔδραι
 σαίνουσι; τήνδε λάμβανε σφραγῖδ' ἐμήν.
 σφύλοις ἂν ἢ φθείροις ἂν, ἐν θ' ἡμῶν μέρει
 τάσσ' ὅποσα σοὶ δεδογμέν' ἢ γνώμη φίλα.
 Γ. ἢ σὴ γε φιλία τῶδ' ἐπαρκέσει, φίλε.
 ὥς τήνδ' ἔχων, ἴσθ', οὐδὲ Καίσαρα σθένειν
 πλέον λέγοιμ' ἂν εὔτε διὰ Ῥώμης ὁδῶν
 τοὺς αἰχμαλώτους βασιλέας διφρηλατῶν
 λαμπρὰν ἄγῃ τροχοῖσι δεσμίαν χάριν.

J. F.

X.

DIOCLESIAN.

Suppose this done, or were it possible
I could rise higher still, I am a man ;
And all these glories, empires heap'd upon me,
Confirmed by constant friends and faithful guards,
Cannot defend me from a shaking fever,
Or bribe the uncorrupted dart of Death
To spare me till to-morrow. Thus adorn'd
In these triumphant robes, my body yields not
A greater shadow than it did when I
Lived both poor and obscure ; a sword's sharp point
Enters my flesh as far ; dreams break my sleep,
As when I was a private man ; my passions
Are stronger tyrants on me ; nor is greatness
A saving antidote to keep me from
A traitor's poison.

FLETCHER, *The Prophetess*, IV., 6.

X.

ΔΙΟΚΛΗΤΙΑΝΟΣ.

Καὶ δὴ πέπρακται ταῦτα καὶ περαιτέρω
 ἐνῆν προβαίνειν, θνητὸς οὐ πέφυχ' ὅμως·
 ὥστ' οὐ τὰδ' ἀγλαΐσματ', οὐ πλῆθος κράτους
 φίλοις βεβαίοις ἐμπέδως τηρούμενα
 φρουροῖς τε πιστοῖς, τῷδε σώματι σθένει
 φρίσσοντ' ἀλέξειν πυρετόν, οὐδ' ἐπίσταται
 τὸν πάντ' ἄδωρον χρημάτων Ἰδην κάτω
 πείθειν ἐπισχεῖν οὐδ' ἐς αὔριον βέλος.
 οὐδ' αὖ πέπλοις λαμπροῖσιν ὧδ' ἡσκημένος
 σκιὰν προβάλλω μείζον' ἢ πένης ὅτε
 κᾶδοξος ἔζων· ἐς τοσόνδ' ὀξύστομον
 ξίφος τιτρώσκει σάρκα καὶ πτοεῖ μ' ἔτι
 εὐδοντ' ὀνείρατ' οὐδὲν ἥσσον ἢ πάρος
 ἔτ' ὄντ' ἄσημον· πλείον αἱ ἰπιθυμῖαι
 ἤδη κρατοῦσιν, οὐδ' ἀλεξητήριον
 προδότου τυραννίς ἐστι φαρμάκων ἄκος.

A. P.

XI.

ATTENDANT SPIRIT.

Within the navel of this hideous wood,
Immured in cypress shades, a sorcerer dwells,
Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,
Deep skilled in all his mother's witcheries ;
And here to every thirsty wanderer
By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,
With many murmurs mixed, whose pleasing poison
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
And the inglorious likeness of a beast
Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage
Character'd in the face : this have I learn'd
Tending my flocks hard by i' the hilly crofts,
That brow this bottom glade ; whence night by night
He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl
Like stabled wolves, or tigers at their prey,
Doing abhorred rites to Hecate
In their obscurèd haunts of inmost bowers.

MILTON, *Comus*.

XI.

ΔΑΙΜΩΝ.

Δρυμῶ δὲ τῶδ' ἐν ἀγρίῳ, κατ' ὀμφαλόν,
 κυπαρισσινῶν σκιαῖσι κευθμύων ὑπο
 ναίει τὸ Κίρκης Βάκχιον Ἑῶμος τέκνον
 τεχνήματ' αἰνὰ μητρὸς ἐξειδὼς μάγος.
 καὶ πᾶσιν ὤδε διψίοις ὁδοιπόροις
 λαβραῖα θέλων λυγρὸν ἐκπορίζεται
 μυγμοῖσι πολλοῖς ξυμπεφυρμένον ποτόν·
 τοῦ δ' ἐκπιόντος ἰὸς ἀλλάσσει γλυκὺς
 ῥέθος, δυσειδῇ θηρὸς ἀντιδούς φύσιν,
 ἀμβλύνεται δὲ τῆς περιφραδοῦς φρενὸς
 φαιδρωπὸν ὄμμα. ταῦτ' ἀκριβῶσας ἔχω
 ποιμένας ὀρείοις βονκολῶν ἀγροῖς πέλας
 νάπος στέφονσι τοῦτο· κἀντεῦθεν πάρα
 λάσκοντος αὐτοῦ κνωδάλων θ' ὀμιλίας
 νύκτωρ ἀκούειν ὡς λύκων κεκλημένων
 ἢ νήστιδος λέοντος· ἔρδουσιν δ' ἐκεῖ
 Ἑκάτη τέλη στυγητά, τὰς κατασκίους
 ὀμαυλίας ναίοντες ἐσχάτων ναπῶν.

W. M. C.

XII.

THE SHORTNESS OF HUMAN LIFE.

Suns that set, and moons that wane,
Rise and are restored again ;
Stars that orient day subdues
Night on her return renews.
Herbs and flowers, the beauteous birth
Of the genial womb of earth,
Suffer but a transient death
From the winter's cruel breath.
Zephyr speaks ; serener skies
Warm the glebe, and they arise.
We, alas ! earth's haughty kings,
We, that promise mighty things,
Losing soon life's happy prime,
Droop and fade in little time.
Spring returns, but not our bloom ;
Still 'tis winter in the tomb.

COWPER.

XII.

ΟΙΗ ΠΕΡ ΦΤΑΛΩΝ ΓΕΝΕΗ ΤΟΙΗΔΕ ΚΑΙ ΑΝΔΡΩΝ.

Φθίνει σελήνη, λαμπάδες τ' εὐήλιοι
 δύουσιν, ἀντέλλουσι δ' ἄσπορροι πάλιν·
 ὅταν δ' ἐφάις ἄστρ' ἀμαυρώθῃ βολαῖς,
 παλίσσυτος νύξ αὖθις ἀνδαίει φλόγα.
 χλόη μὲν ἄνθη τ', εὐπρεπῇ βλαστήματα,
 ἃ παμφόρου γαῖ' ἐξέφυσε νηδύος,
 βαιὸν τέθνηκε κοῦχί μυρίων χρόνον
 δυσχειμέροισιν ἐκφθαρέντ' ἀήμασιν·
 Ζέφυρος δ' ὅπως ἐφθέγγατ', εὐδιός τε γῆν
 ἔθαλψεν αἰθήρ, αὐτίκ' ἐξανίσταται.
 ἡμεῖς δ' ἀριστεῖς τῆσδε γῆς ὑπέρφρονες,
 οἱ πολλὰ κομπάζοντες εὐθαρσῶς ἔπη,
 ἡβῶσαν ἀκμὴν εὐθὺς ἐστερημένοι,
 μαραινόμεσθα κὰν βραχεὶ κεκμήκαμεν.
 νοστεῖ ποτ' ἄνθος ἥρι μὲν, βροτοῖσι δ' οὐ·
 χειμῶν γὰρ αἰείφρουρος ἐν τάφοις μένει

W. A. B.

XIII.

ATHENIAN HERALD.

But not long
Had the fresh wave of windy fight begun
Heaving, and all the surge of swords to sway,
When timeless night laid hold of heaven, and took
With its great gorge the noon as in a gulf,
Strangled; and thicker than the shrill-winged shafts
Flew the fleet lightnings . . . that our host,
Smit with sick presage of some wrathful God
Quailed, but the foe as from one iron throat
With one great sheer sole thousand-throated cry
Shook earth, heart-staggered from their shout, and
 clove
The eyeless hollow of heaven; and breached there-
 with
As with an onset of strength-shattering sound
The rent vault of the roaring noon of night
From her throned seat of usurpation rang
Reverberate answer; such response there pealed
As though the tide's charge of a storming sea
Had burst the sky's wall, and made broad a breach
In the ambient girth and bastion flanked with stars
Guarding the fortress of the Gods, and all
Crashed now together on ruin.

SWINBURNE, *Erechtheus*.

XIII.

ΚΗΡΤΞ ΑΘΗΝΑΙΟΣ.

Καινή δ' ὄρωρε δῆρις οἷδατος δίκην
 πνοῇ βρέμοντος· ἐν δὲ σείεται ξίφη
 σάλψ μάλιστ' εἰκαστά. καὶ τότε οὐρανὸν
 ἤμπισχε νύξ ἄωρος ἡμέραν μέσσην θ'
 ὥσπερ βαράθρῳ Ταρτάρου μελαμβαθεῖ
 κρύψας' ἐπέιχε. καὶ πλείονες βελῶν
 ροίβδῳ χυθέντων λαμπάδες κεραύνιοι
 σκήπτουσ' ἐπ' ἀλλήλαισι. δειμαίνων δ' ἄγαν
 θεῶν ὑποπτήσσει τιν' ἀγρίων κότον
 στρατὸς μὲν ἄμός, αἱ δ' ἐναντίαι στίχες
 αὐδῶσιν αὐδὴν μυριοπληθοῦς βοῆς,
 μιᾶς ὅποια χαλκέας φωνῆς ἄπο,
 βυθὸν δὲ γαίας διατόροις ἠχήμασιν
 τυφλάς τε σείουσ' οὐρανοῦ περιπτυχάς.
 ῥαισθεῖς πανωλεῖ δ' εὐρύνωτος ἐμβολῇ
 αἰθὴρ ἄδηλος ἡμέρᾳ νυκτηρεφεῖ,
 ἧ σέλμ' ἐφ' ὕβρει φωτὸς ἔζεται σκότος,
 ἠχοῦσιν ἀντήχησε τοιοῦτον κτύπον
 ὥς εἴ τις ὀρμὴ κυμάτων ἐπισσύτων
 τείχος πόλου διεῖλε κᾶσχισεν κύκλον
 πυργωμάτων ἅ φρούριον θεῶν στέφει
 ἄστροισι ποικιλθέντα· καὶ σύμπανθ' ὁμῶς
 πρόρριζα φύρδην συγκατέσκαψεν βίᾳ.

J. A. S.

XIV.

IN MEMORIAM.

When on my bed the moonlight falls,
I know that in thy place of rest
By that broad water of the west,
There comes a glory on the walls :

Thy marble bright in dark appears,
As slowly steals a silver flame
Along the letters of thy name,
And o'er the number of thy years.

The mystic glory swims away ;
From off my bed the moonlight dies ;
And closing eaves of wearied eyes
I sleep till dusk is dipt in grey :

And then I know the mist is drawn
A lucid veil from coast to coast,
And in the dark church like a ghost
Thy tablet glimmers to the dawn.

TENNYSON.

XIV.

ΟΜΜΑΤΩΝ Δ' ΕΝ ΑΧΗΝΙΑΙΣ.

Ὅταν σελήνη τοῦμόν ἀμφέπη λέχος
ἀκτίσι, τηνικαῦτ' ἐν ἐσπέροις τόποις,
ὅπου πλατύρρους ποταμὸς ἦσιν ῥοάς,
σὴν ἀμφὶ κοίτην τοῖχος ἀμβάδην φλέγει,
ὁ σὸς δ' ἐκεῖθι τύμβος ἐκ νυκτὸς πρέπει
λαμπρὸς μελαίνης, ὥς ἐπαμβαίνει φάος
τὸ σὸν βολαῖσι τοῦνομ' ἐνδατούμενον,
ἐτῶν θ' ὅσ' ἔξης ἀριθμὸν ἀγγέλλον βραχύν.
νῦν δ' αὖτε θεῖον ἐξαποφθίνει γάνος,
φθίνουσι μῆνης αὖθις ἐξ εὐνῆς βολαί,
καὶ γὰρ κεκμηκὸς ὄμμα συμβαλὼν ὕπνῳ
παρήκ' ἐμαντὸν ἔστ' ἂν ἀμβρεχθῇ σκότος
αὐγαῖς ὑπ' ὄρθρου, τηνικαῦτα δ' οἶδ' ὅπως
ὄχθην πρὸς ὄχθην ποταμὸν ἀμπέχει νέφους
κάλυμμα λαμπρόν, ὥς δ' ὄνειρον ἐν νεῶ
ὁ σὸς λέλαμπεν τύμβος αἰόλῳ φάει.

A. W. M.

XV.

A LAMENT.*

Tears for the noble dead,
Gems of the rarest,
Flowers for his lustrous head,
Cull him the fairest.
Mourn o'er his lost lore,
Lore of the sages,
Gathered in richest store,
Rifling the ages.
Mourn him, both Rhine and Rhone,
Tiber, Ilissus,
Dee, and her sister Don,
Ythan and Isis.
Pale lies the manly brow
Kings might have chosen,
All his bright promise now
Withered and frozen.

* In memory of William Cameron, M.A. (Aberdon.), drowned when
bathing in the Rhine, July 10, 1883.

XV.

ΘΡΗΝΩΙΔΙΑ.

Παῖδά μοι δακρύσατε, Μοῖσα, φίλον, (Στρ. α)
Φερσεφάσσας ἔξοχος ὃς πέλασεν πάντων ἄωτος δνοφερῷ
κευθμῶνι δαμείς· φέρ' ἀκμὰν
χρυσοφαῶν κτερέων φέρε κρατὸς ἄφαρ πλέξαισα τιμὰν
ἀνθέων φοινικόροδον.
ἀπλέτου δ' οἶον σοφίας ὃγ' ἀπούραις οἵχεται
τῶν παρεληλυθότων ἀφνεὸν θησαυρόν, ὥρα πενθέειν
Ῥῆνέ τε καὶ Ῥοδανοῦ κλειναῖς ξὺν ἀκταῖς

Θύμβριδός τ' Ἴλισσον ἀμαιμάκετον. (Ἄντ. α)
Δεῦα, σοὶ δ' ὦν οἶκτον ἐγειρέμεναι καὶ φαμι Δώνας ῥεέθροις,
θρηνεῖν τε πατρώϊόν οἱ
πρῶτα μὲν ἀγνὸν Ἰθάκος ὕδωρ χαράδρας, Ἴσιν δ', ἔποικον
κυρίοις ὃς δέκτο χρόνοις·
ἦν μὲν ὅμμ' ἀνδρείος ἰδεῖν βασιλεὺς ὧτ' εὐθρονος·
νῦν δ' Ἀΐδας ὀλοαῖς κείμενον χεῖρεσσι λωβᾶταί σφ' ὅμως,
ὅσσα δ' ἐμελλε τελεῖν ἔργων ἀμαυροῖ.

Wreathe his brows and deck the bier,
With the foison of the year :
'Neath the cypress shade austere
Let the amaranth appear,
All the fairies' woodland blisses,
With the laurel never sere,
Nor forget the pale narcissus
For our young Narcissus here :
Wreathe his brows and deck the bier,
Here he lies who knew no peer.

W. D. GEDDES.

ἀλλὰ καρπὸν δεῦρο φέροισ' ἔτεος (Ἑπ.)
κρᾶτα μὲν πλεκτοῖς ἐφήβου, Μοῖσ', ἀβρὰν
αἰδεσθαι τύμβον τ' ἀγλαοῖς ἀμαράντου στέμμασιν,
καὶ σκιᾷ μελαμπετάλῳ κυπαρίσσου,
οἷά τ' ἔχει Δρυάδων ὕλα, δάφναισιν τ' ἀμβρότοις·
τῷδε σὺ δ' ἠιθέψ' λευκοῖο ναρκίσσου φίλον
ἄνθε' ἐπωνυμίας ἄνθημα λαβοῖσα χάριν
σῆμα μὲν τύμβου στεφάνοις ἐρέφειν αὐτόν τε μοῖρα
ὑπέραλλον ἴσα μυχθέντα γαίας ἀγκάλαις.

R. A. N.

XVI.

KING RICHARD, BOLINGBROKE, NORFOLK.

K. RICH. Draw near,
And list what with our council we have done.
For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd
With that dear blood which it hath fostered;
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours' swords;
And for we think the eagle-winged pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, set you on
To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;
Which so rous'd up with boisterous untun'd drums,
With harsh resonnding trumpets' dreadful bray,
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,

XVI.

ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΣ, ΒΩΛΙΜΒΡΩΚΟΣ, ΝΟΡΦΟΛΚΟΣ.

ΒΑΣ. Προσέλθετον δεῦρ', ὡς ἀκούητον τορῶς
ἅμοι δεδογμέν' ἐστὶ συμβούλοις τ' ἐμοῖς.
πρῶτον μὲν οὐ χρή τῆς ἐμῆς γαίας πέδον
θρέψαι μὲν ἄνδρας, θρεμμάτων δ' ἐν αἵματι
φίλῳ μιγῆναι καὶ σφαγαῖς. ἔπειτ' ἐγὼ
ἐμφύλι' ἔλκη γείτοσιν πεπληγμένα—
θέαμα δυσθέατον—εἰσορᾶν στυγῶ.
τρίτον δ' ὁμοῦ μὲν ἐς περίσσο' ὀρμώμενον
φιλότιμον ἦθος ἀνοσίοις ποτήμασιν
ὁμοῦ δὲ μῖστος ἀνθάμιλλον, οἶομαι,
σφῶ τήνδ' ἐγείρειν ὥρσεν εἰρήνην, ὕπνου
γαίας ἐν ἀγκάλαισι νηπίου δίκην
εὐδουσιν ἡδὺν εὐπνοον· ταύτην δ' ὅμως
εἰ τυμπάνων τις βαρυβρόμοις ἡχήμασι
κινοῖ ποθ' οὕτως, εἴτε σαλπύγγων πικραῖς
ὑπερτόνοις βοᾶσιν, εἴτ' ὀργισμένοις
ὄπλων κροτησμοῖς, ἀγρίων χαλκευμάτων,

Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,
And make us wade even in our kindred's blood ;—
Therefore, we banish you our territories ;
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of death,
Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regret our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

BOLING. Your will be done : this must my comfort be,
The sun that warms you here shall shine on me.
And those his golden beams to you here lent,
Shall point on me and gild my banishment.

K. RICH. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce :
The fly-slow hours shall not determinate
The dateless limit of thy dear exile ;
The hopeless word of, 'never to return,'
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

NOR. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,
And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth :
A dearer merit, not so deep a maim
As to be cast forth in the common air,
Have I deserved at your highness' hands.
The language I have learn'd these forty years
My native English now I must forego :
And now my tongue's use is to me no more
Than an unstringed viol or a harp :
Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,
Or, being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony.

μέλλοι τότ' ἐκφοβεῖν ἄν εἰρήνην χθονός,
 ἡμᾶς δ' ὁμαίμων αἱμάτων φύρειν ῥοαῖς.
 πρὸς ταῦτα φεύξεσθ' ἡμῖν· ὥστ', ὦ ξυγγενές,
 οὐ μὴ σύ, πρίν γ' ἄν τήνδε πλουτίσωσι γῆν
 δις πέντ' ὁπῶραι, τὴν ἐμήν ποτ' ἀσπάσει
 εὐκαρπον αἶαν· ἦν δὲ μὴ φεύγῃς, θανεῖ·
 ἄλλας δ' ἀθήεις χρή σ' ἐπιστείβειν ὁδούς.

ΒΩΛ. ἔστω τάδ'· ἐν δὲ κείνῳ γ' εὐφρανεῖ μ', ὅτι
 θάλπει σέ κάμει ταῦτ' ὅτ' ἔνθ' εὐήλιον,
 καὶ χρυσοφεγγεῖς ἄς σὺ τῇδ' ὄρῃς βολὰς
 φάει περιπτύξουσιν τὸν φεύγοντ' ἐμέ.

ΒΑΣ. Νόρφολκε, σοὶ δὲ βαρυτέρα κεῖται δίκη,
 ἦν οὐχ ἐκὼν γε προῦννέπω. σοὶ γὰρ χρόνος
 βραδύπους βαδίζων αἶεν αἶαντ' ἀφύγειν
 οὐκ ἐξαλείψει, ρεῖ δ' ἄνευ προθεσμίας.
 ἀμήχανον δὲ τόνδε κηρύσσω λόγον,
 μή μοι κατελθεῖν αὖτις· εἰ δὲ μή, θανεῖ.

ΝΟΡ. βαρεῖά γ', ὦ φέριστ' ἄναξ, ἡ σὴ κρίσις,
 ὅλως τ' ἄελπτος ἐκ γε σῆς γλώσσης κλύειν.
 φεῦ· οἷ' ἔργα δράσας οἷα λαγχάνω, χάριν
 ἄχαριν λαβὼν τήνδ' ἀνθ' ὑπηρετημάτων,
 προπηλακισθὲν πατρίδος ἐκβλητὸν δέμας.
 ἐγχωρίαν δὲ γλώσσαν, ἣ συζῶ πάλαι,
 ἐατέον νῦν, οὐδὲ τῆς φωνῆς ἔτι
 ὄνησις ἦξει πλὴν ὅσην γ' ἔχει λύρα
 πηκτίς τ' ἄχορδος, εἴτε ποικίλου σοφὸν
 ξοάνου τι μηχανήμα κατακεκλημένον,
 ἡ καὶ πρόχειρον, ἀλλ' ἐπιτραπὲν χερὶ
 ἧτις κρέκει ξύμφωνον οὐκ ἐπίσταται.

Within my mouth you have engaol'd my tongue,
Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips;
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
Is made my gaoler to attend on me.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
Too far in years to be a pupil now;
What is thy sentence then but speechless death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath.

K. RICH. It boots thee not to be compassionate;
After our sentence plaining comes too late.

NOR. Then thus I turn me from my country's light,
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

SHAKESPEARE, *Richard II.*, I., 3.

γλῶσσαν γὰρ οὕτω τήνδε συγκλήσας ἔχεις
 χειλῶν τ' ὀδόντων θ' εἰργμένην ἔρκει διπλῇ,
 καὶ δεσμίῳ μοι διὰ τέλους ἐφίσταται
 ἄγνοια νωθῆς ἄφορος αἰσθήσεως κενή.
 ἀλλ' οὐ γὰρ οὐκέτ' ἔστ' ἐμοὶ σαίνειν τροφόν,
 οὐδ' εὐμαρές μοι τηλικῶδε μαυθάνειν,
 τί δῆτ' ἄραρε πλὴν ἀναύδητος φθορά,
 ἧ γ' αἴερος τοῦδ' ἐγγενοῦς μ' ἀποστερεῖ;

ΒΑΣ. ἄραρε γοῦν ταύθ'· ὥς κατοικτίζει μάτην·
 χρόνιος δ' ὀδυρμὸς ἐπὶ προκειμένη δίκη.

ΝΟΡ. καὶ μὴν πατρῶον εἰμ' ἀποστραφεὶς φάος,
 νεμῶν ἀτερπὲς αἰνὸν αἰανὲς κνέφαρ.

W. B. A.

XVII.

ERECHTHEUS.

To fight then be it: for if to die or live,
No man but only a God knows this much yet,
Seeing us fare forth, who bear but in our hands
The weapons, not the fortunes of our fight:
For these now rest as lots that yet undrawn
Lie in the lap of the unknown hour; but this
I know, not thou, whose hollow mouth of storm
Is but a warlike wind, a sharp salt breath
That bites and wounds not; death nor life of mine
Shall give to death or lordship of strange kings
The soul of this live city, nor their heel
Bruise her dear head discrowned.

SWINBURNE, *Erechthous*.

XVII.

ΕΡΕΧΘΕΤΣ.

Μαχώμεθ' οὖν ζήσοντες ἢ θανούμενοι·
τοσοῦτο δ' οὐδεῖς, πλὴν θεός γ', ἐξοιδέ πω,
ἡμᾶς ὅς ἐξιόντας εἰς μάχην ὄρᾳ
δῆλοις σὺν ὅπλοις ἄλλ' ἀδήλοισιν τύχαις.
ἅς νῦν, ὅποια κλῆρον ὄν στέγει κυνῇ,
κεῖθει χρόνου μέλλοντος ἄσκοπον σκότος.
ἄλλ' οἶδ' ἐγὼ τοσοῦτον, ἀγνοεῖς δὲ σύ,
ὅς ἐκ κεναυχοῦς καὶ τεθηγμένης φρενὸς
λαβροστομεῖς τοιαῦτα, πνευμάτων ὅπως
πικρὰν αὐτμὴν ἀλλὰ μὴ δηκτηρίαν,
ὀθύνεκ' οὐ θανῶν ἂν οὐδὲ μὴ θανῶν
δοίην ἐπακτοῖς τῆσδε τῆς ζώσης πόλεως
ψυχὴν τυράννοισι οὐδ' ἂν ἐχθίστῳ μὶν,
οὐδ' οὖν ὑπ' ἐχθρῶν τῆσδ' ἂν ἀστεφὲς κᾶρα
κόλασμα λακπάτητον οὐδαμῶς πάθοι.

A. W. M.

XVIII.

LEONATO.

I know not. If they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her honour,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awak'd in such a kind,
Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means and choice of friends,
To quit me of them thoroughly.

SHAKESPEARE, *Much Ado About Nothing*, IV., 1.

XVIII.

ΛΕΩΝΑΤΩΝ.

ΛΕΩΝ. Οὐκ οἶδα. τήνδε δ' εἰ ψέγουσ' ἐτήτυμα
διασπαράξω χερσίν, εἰ δ' ἀνάξια
κακοστομεῖ τις, κἂν ὅμως ὑψιστος ᾖ,
οὔτοι γεγηθὼς ἐξαπαλλαχθήσεται.
οὔπω γὰρ ἐξήρανευ ὁ ξυνῶν χρόνος
τόδ' αἷμα τοῦμόν, οὐδὲ σὺν γήρᾳ βαρὺς
γνώμην ὅμως ἀπώλεσ', οὐδὲ συμφοραῖς
ἐγκείμενος τὰ χρήματ' ἐκβαλὼν ἔχω,
οὐδ' αὖτε κακοῖς τρόποισιν ἐστέρην φίλων.
οὐ δὴτ'· ἐγερθεῖς δ' ὦδ' ἔτ' ὦν ὠμοκρατῆς
τοῖσδ' ἐμπέσοιμ' ἂν καὶ φρενῶν ἐπήβολος
φίλων τ' ἀφνειὸς καὶ πολυκτήμων βίου,
ὥστ' οὐκ ἴσῃν γε λαμβάνειν τιμωρίαν.

W. A. B.

XIX.

CANTERBURY.

Therefore doth Heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion ;
To which is fixed as an aim or butt
Obedience: for so work the honey-bees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king and officers of sorts,
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad ;
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds ;
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor :
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold,
The civil citizens kneading up the honey :
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burthens at his narrow gate,
The sad-ey'd justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone.

SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry V.*, I., 2.

XIX.

ΙΕΡΕΤΣ.

Πρὸς τοῦτο πάντα τὰν βροτοῖς πονούμενα
 ἄλλοισιν ἄλλ' ἐνεμεν ἐγχειρεῖν θεός,
 αἰεὶ τι κινεῖν προτρέπων, κινουσι δὲ
 κεῖται σκοπός τις ὥσπερ ἡ πειθαρχία.
 καὶ γὰρ φυλάσσει τόνδε τοῦ βίου τρόπον
 γένος μελισσῶν, αἵπερ ἐγγενεῖ φύσει
 βροτοὺς διδάσκουσ' εὐνόμους θεῖναι πόλεις.
 ἀναξ γὰρ αὐταῖς ἐστὶ καὶ τάξιν τέλη
 ῥῆτῃν ἔχονθ', ὧν αἱ μὲν οἰκουροὶ πυλῶν
 τᾶνδον διενθύνουσι, δημάρχων δίκην·
 αἱ δ' ἐμπόροισι προσφερεῖς ὁρμώμεναι
 κέρδος θύρασιν ἐμπολῶσ', αἱ δ' αὖ τρίται
 στράτευμ' ὅπως κέντροισιν ἐξωπλισμέναι
 θέρειον ἐκπορβοῦσιν ἀνθέων γάνος,
 λείαν δ' ἔπειτα τήνδε χαίρουσαι πάλιν
 τοῦ κοιράνου φέρουσιν ἐς στρατήγιον.
 αὐτὸς δὲ τοῦπιβάλλον ἀμφέπων χρέος
 τοὺς τέκτονας μὲν χρύσε' εὐφώνως στέγη
 τεύχοντας ἄθρει, τοὺς δὲ δημότας μέλι
 πλάσσοντας, ἄχθη δ' αὖ στενῶν πυλῶν ἔσω
 βάνανσον εἰσωθοῦντα φορτηγῶν ὄχλον.
 καὶ μὴν παραστὰς οὐπιτιμητῆς πέλας,
 σκυθρωπὸς ὧν γήρυμά τ' οὐκ εὐάγγελον
 βόμβων ἀφιεῖς, ὥχρῳσι προσπόλοις
 ἀργὸν κτανεῖν δίδωσι κηφήνων γένος.

Α. Ρ.

XX.

SONG.

When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me ;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress tree.
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dewdrops wet ;
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain ;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on, as if in pain ;
And dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
And haply may forget.

C. G. ROSSETTI.

XX.

ΑΙΔΗΣ Ο ΕΚΛΕΛΑΘΩΝ.

Φιλτάτη, εὔτε θάνω μή μοι σκιερᾷ κυπαρίσσῳ
μηδὲ ῥόδοις τύμβον μηδὲ γέραιρε γόοις.
θῆλυν ὑπερθε πόην ὄμβροισι δρόσοισί τ' ἔασον,
ἴσθι δ' ἐμοῦ μνήμων, εἰ δὲ μή, ἀλλὰ λαθοῦ.
οὐ σκιά, οὐ με τότε ὄμβρος ἀφίξεται, οὐκέτ' ἀηδοῦς
ἐσπερίας λιγυρὸν θρήνος ὅποια μέλος.
ἀλλὰ μῦτ' ὅτε νυκτὶ κεκρυμμένος ἐν τάχ' ὀνείρω
σοῦ μνήμων ἔσομαι, κεῖ τύχοι, οὐδὲ σέθεν.

A. W. M.

XXI.

TO THE SUN.

O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of
my fathers !

Whence are thy beams, O sun ! thy everlasting light ?

Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty ; the stars
hide themselves in the sky ; the moon, cold and pale,
sinks in the western wave.

But thou thyself movest alone : who can be a com-
panion of thy course !

XXI.

ΤΟΝ ΔΙΦΡΕΤΤΗΝ ΗΛΙΟΝ ΠΡΟΣΕΝΝΕΠΩ.

Ἄλλ' ὦ μετάρσι' ἄρμαθ' εἰλίσσων, ἀναξ,
ὅς ἀμφιτόρνῃ δὴ προσήϊξαι δέμας
σάκει, πατρώου σπέρματος προβλήματι,
Ἥλιε, πόθεν δῆθ', ἅς ἀκοντίζεις, βολαί;
πόθεν δὲ φέγγος ἄφθιτον λεύσσω τὸ σόν;
φανεῖς γὰρ ἐξύπερθε, κάλλιστον σέβας,
τηλωπὸς αἶθεις· οὐρανῷ δὲ κρύπτεται
ἄφαντος ἄστρων μυριοπληθὴς ὄχλος,
ἧ τ' ἀργυρῷ πρέπουσ' ἀθερμάντῃ φάει,
πότνια σελήνη, δῦσα τὸν πρὸς ἐσπέραν
κλύδων' ἄβυσσον, ἐκλέλοιπεν εὐφρόνην·
ἀτὰρ σύ γ' οἶον οἶος ἰθύνεις δρόμον.
τίς ἂν ποτ' ἀρκέσειε σοῦ διωκαθεῖν
τροχοὺς ἀμιλλητῆρας ὑστέρῃ ποδί;
καὶ τὰς ὀρέας ἐξερειφθῆναι δρύας

The oaks of the mountains fall : the mountains themselves decay with years ; the ocean shrinks and grows again : the moon herself is lost in heaven ; but thou art for ever the same ; rejoicing in the brightness of thy course.

When the world is dark with tempests ; when thunder rolls, and lightning flies ; thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm.

But to Ossian thou lookest in vain ; for he beholds thy beams no more ; whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west.

But thou art perhaps like me ; for a season thy years will have an end.

Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning.

Exult thee, O sun ! in the strength of thy youth !

Age is dark and unlovely ; it is like the glimmering

πάντως ἀνάγκη, πρὸς δ' ὄρη πελώρια
 χρόνου παραστείχοντος ἀνανθήσεται·
 καταφθίνει τε νῦν μέν, εἴτ' ἀναζέσας
 τέθηλε πόντος κἀπὶ μείζον ἔρχεται·
 καὶ πανσέληνος ἔσθ' ὅτ' οἴχεται κύκλος
 φροῦδος δι' αἰθέρ'· ἄλλ' ἄραρέ σοι μόνῃ
 τὰ πάνθ' ὅσ' ἐμπέφυκε, καὶ διεξόδους
 τέμνεις φαεινάς, χαρμονῇ ξυνὼν αἰεί.
 πᾶσαν δὲ γῆν ὀπηνίκ' αἰγίδων ὕβρις
 ἔχει περιπτύξασα λυγαίῳ σκότῳ,
 βρονταῖς τ' ἐριγδούποισι μυκᾶται πόλος,
 στεροπαί τ' ἐνήλαντ', ἐκ μελαμβαθοῦς ἀτμοῦ
 σὺ δὴ τοτηνίκ' εἰσδέδορκας, ἀγρία
 ὁ καλλίμορφος ἐγκατιλλώπτων ζάλη.
 ἄλλ' Ὀσσιάνῃ γ' ὄμμα προσβάλλεις μάτην,
 ὡς οὐκέτ' ἤδη σὰς ἐκείνος εἰσορᾷ
 ἀκτῖνας, εἴτε νοτίδα τὴν ἑωθινὴν
 ξανθοὶ καταθύσσουνσι βόστρυχοι σέθεν,
 εἴτ' οὖν τρέμεις πύλαισιν ἐσπέροις πάρα.
 σὺ δ' εἰκάσαι μέν, ὡς ἔγωγ', ἐφήμερος·
 καὶ μοιροκράντῳ τέρμ' ἐν αἰῶνος χρόνῳ
 τῶν σῶν ἐτῶν που συντρέχειν ὀφείλεται,
 οὐδ' ἂν κλύοις σὺ τῆς ἔω προσφθεγμάτων,
 νέφους ἐνὶ πτυχαῖσι κοιμηθεῖς ὕπνῳ.
 χλίδα νιν, ἥβης ἔξδον εὐθενεῖν ἀκμῇ,
 Ἥλιε, κραταιᾷ, τοῦτο γιγνώσκων ὅτι
 τὸ γῆράς ἐστ' ἀμαυρὸν ἀστεργές θ' ἅμα
 δὲ δὴ μάλιστ' ἔοικεν ὀρφναίῳ πυρὶ
 μήνης, ὅποιον ἐξίησιν, ἐνθαπερ

light of the moon, when it shines through broken clouds,
and the mist is on the hill; the blast of the north is on
the plain; the traveller shrinks in the midst of his
journey.

OSSIAN.

νεφέλαι διερρώγασι, τηνικαῦθ' ὅτε
 μέλαιν' ὁμίχλη πρῶνας ἀμπίσχει χθονός,
 κρυσταλλόπηκτα λαίλαπός τ' αἶματα
 πίμπλησι πεδίων, καὶ καταπτήσσει τρέσας
 ὁδοιπόρος, κέλευθον ὀγμεύων μέσσην.

R. A. N.

XXII.
TO THE MOON.

Art thou pale for weariness
Of climbing heaven and gazing on the earth,
Wandering companionless
Among the stars that have a different birth—
And ever changing, like a joyless eye
That finds no object worth its constancy?

SHELLEY.

XXII.

ΠΟΤΝΑ ΣΕΛΑΝΑ.

Ἦ κόπῃ χροίας χλόερόν σοι ἄνθος,
ὦ σελάννα, μάκρον δὲν αἶθερ' αἶει
ἂ πλάναις τὰν γῶν ἐπόρεις, ἐταίραν
χωρίς ἐν ἀστροῖς;

τοῖσι δ' ἄλλα σεῦ γενέα, τὸ δ' ὦ δέσπ-
οι' ἀμαχάνω τινος ὥσπερ ὄμμα
φῶτος ἀλλάσσει, σέθεν ὥς ὄρεις' ἐπ-
άξιον οὐδεν.

J. F.

XXIII.

DEIANEIRA.

Ah me, the weary days
We women live, spending our anxious souls
Consumed with jealous fancies, hungering still
For the belovèd voice and ears and eyes,
And hungering all in vain! For life is more
To youthful manhood than to sit at home
Before the hearth to watch the children's ways
And lead the life of petty household care
Which doth content us women. Day by day
I pined in Trachis for my love, while he,
Now in some warlike exploit busied, now
Fighting some monster, now at some fair court,
Resting awhile till some new enterprise
Called him, returned not. News of treacheries
Punished, friends succoured, dreadful monsters slain,
Came from him: always triumph, always fame,
And honour, and success and reverence.

XXIII.

ΔΗΙΑΝΕΙΡΑ.

Οἶμ' ὥς γυναιξὶ δύσφορος κείται βίος
αἱ νύκτ' ἐπιφθόνοισιν ἡμέραν τ' αἰὲ
ξυντήκομεν δόξαισι λυμανταῖς φρενῶν,
φωνήν τ' ἐραστὴν ὥτ' αὖτ' ὀφθαλμόν θ' ὁμῶς
μάτην ποθοῦσαι· καὶ γὰρ εἰς μείζω βίος
ἦκει νέοισιν ἢ παρ' ἐσχάρᾳ μένειν,
τέκνων τ' ἀθύρματ' ἐν δόμοις ἐπισκοπεῖν,
οἰκουρίας τε φλαῦρον ἐξαντλεῖν ὄτλον
ἀρκοῦντα ταῖς γυναιξίν· ὧδ' ἐτηκόμην
δύστηνος ἐν Τραχίνι συννόμου πόθῳ·
ὁ δ' ἢ μετ' ἀσπιστῶν τιν' αἰχμάλων μάχην,
ἢ θῆρ' ἀναιρῶν, ἢ κατ' εὐδμήτους στέγας
αἰὲ νέον τιν' ἐκ πόνων μίμνων πόνον,
ἀνῆλθεν οὐποτ'· ἐκτελῶν δ' ἠγγέλλετο
φίλων ἀρωγάς, κνωδάλων τ' ὁμῶν φόνους
ποινάς τε προδοτῶν, ὥσθ' ὑπ' εὐκλείας αἰὲ
δόξαν κομίζειν καὶ σέβας νικηφόρον.

And sometimes words of love for me who pined
For more than words, and would have gone to him
But that the toils of such high errantry
Asked more than woman's strength. So the slow
years

Vexed me alone in Trachis, set forlorn
In solitude, nor hearing at the gate
The frank and cheering voice, nor on the stair
The heavy tread, nor feeling the strong arm
Around me in the darkling night, when all
My being ran slow. Last, subtle whispers came
Of womanish wiles which kept my lord from me.

LEWIS MORRIS, *The Epic of Hades.*

ΔΗΙΑΝΕΙΡΑ.

III

καὶ θέλκτρα μύθων ἔσθ' ὅτ' ἐξέπεμπέ μοι
αὐτὸν ποθοῦση, κἂν ξυνεσπόμεν πόσει
εἰ τῶν τοιούτων ἐργμάτων ἄθλους φέρειν
ῥώμη γυναικὸς ἤρκεσ'· ὥς ἀπωλλύμην
δαρὸν μονωθείς, οὐδ' ἐφαίδρυνέν μ' ἔτι
πρόσφθεγμα τάνδρός, τέρψις οὐ σμικρὰ κλύει,
οὔτ' ἐν πύλαισι βαρυπесῆς ποδῶν κτύπος
ἄκρας τε νυκτὸς ἀγκαλῶν ἄσπασμ' ὅτε
πᾶς ἐκτακείην· νῦν δὲ σὺγ' εἶρπεν φάτις
δόλων γυναικός, ἥ τὸν ἄνδρ' ἀπείργε μου.

W. M. C.

XXIV.

EXILE.

Blows the wind to-day, and the sun and the rain are flying,
Blows the wind on the moors to-day and now,
Where about the graves of the martyrs the whaups are
crying,

My heart remembers how!
Grey recumbent tombs of the dead in desert places,
Standing stones on the vacant wine-red moor,
Hills of sheep, and the homes of the silent, vanished races,
And winds, austere and pure:
Be it granted me to behold you again in dying,
Hills of home! and to hear again the call,
Hear about the graves of the martyrs the peewees crying,
And hear no more at all.

R. L. STEVENSON.

XXIV.

ΝΟΣΤΑΛΓΙΑ.

Ἦνίδ' ἐκεῖ λειμώνας ἐπιπνέουσιν ἀῆται
ὑμένους, φλεγέθει τ' ἡελίοιο βέλη,
οὐ Μαραθωνομαχῶν θρηνεῖ περὶ σήματ' ἀκανθίς
θρήνον ὅποιον ὅπως λήθομαι οὐδὲ φυγάς.
Ἡεροειδέα σήματ', ἐν ἄκρισιν ὑπτί' ἐρήμαις,
ἑσταότες τε λίθοι, πορφύρεόν τε πέδον,
πῶεσι ποικίλ' ὄρη, συγῆλῶν τ' ἥθε' αἴστων,
Ἐὐρ' ἀμίαντον αἰεῖς, ὄξ' ὃ μένος Βορέου,
χαίρετ', ἐγὼ δ' ὑμᾶς καὶ ἀποθνήσκων ἐπιδοίμην
αὐθις ἅπαξ, κορυφαὶ πατρίδος ἡμετέρης,
ἧ τε περιτρύζεις πατέρων περὶ σήματ' ἀκανθίς,
καὶ σέθεν αἰσθοίμην ὕστατον αἰσθόμενος.

A. W. M.

XXV.

LEAR.

Let it be so;—thy truth then be thy dower;
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night,
By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exist and cease to be,
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity, and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this for ever. The barbarous Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and relieved,
As thou, my sometime daughter.

SHAKESPEARE, *King Lear*, I., 1.

XXV.

ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΣ.

Εἰεν·

σὺ δ' ἀντίφερνον τὴν ἀλήθειαν δέχου·
μὰ γὰρ τὸ καλλιφεγγὲς ἡλίου σέβας,
μὰ νυκτὸς ὄμμα τῆς θ' Ἑκάτης μυστήρια,
κύκλους θ' ἅπαντας ἀστέρων τελεσφόρους,
ἐξ ὧν περ ἀρχὴ τέρμα τ' ἡρτῆται βίου·
πατήρ σε θρέψας νῦν ἀπαρνοῦμαι τὸ μὴ
ὁμαιμος εἶναι μηδὲ συγγενὴς ἔτι·
ξείνῃ δ' ἀπόπτυστός τε κἀπάτωρ ἐμοῦ
τὰ λοιπ' ἀκούσει. καὶ γὰρ ἄγριος Σκύθης
ὅστις θ' ὀπλίζει δαῖτα παιδείων κρεῶν,
πλήρωμα γαστροῦ, ὑποδοχῆς οἴκτου τροφῆς
στέρνων πρὸς ἀμῶν ἐξ ἴσου τύχοιεν ἂν
σοὶ τῇ ποτ' ἀνδρὸς τοῦδε κληθείσῃ κόρῃ.

W. A. B.

XXVI.

ALVAR, ZULIMEZ.

ALV. Hear then my fix'd resolve : I'll linger here
In the disguise of a Moresco chieftain.

ZUL. Will they not know you ?

ALV. With your aid, friend, I shall unfearingly
Trust the disguise ; and as to my complexion,
My long imprisonment, the scanty food,
This scar,—and toil beneath a burning sun
Have done already half the business for us.
Add too my youth ;—since last we saw each other,
Manhood has swoln my chest, and taught my voice
A hoarser note.—Besides, they think me dead ;
And what the mind believes impossible,
The bodily sense is slow to recognise.

ZUL. 'Tis yours, sir, to command, mine to obey.

COLERIDGE, *Remorse*, I., 1.

XXVI.

ΑΛΒΑΡΟΣ, ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ.

ΑΛ. Ἴσκει τοῖνυν ἡ βεβούλευμαι ποιέω·
ἐνδὺς ἀνακτος Μαυρικοῦ τινος στολὴν
μένοιμ' ἂν ἐνθάδ'.

ΠΑ. ἦν δ' ἄρα γινώσκῃς σ', ἀναξ;

ΑΛ. ἀλλ' οὐκ ὀκνήσω, σὴ θ' ὑπουργίᾳ, φίλε,
δόλῳ τε πίσυνος· ἄνθος αὖ χροιάς ἐμοί,
πολὺν χρόνον δεσμοῖσι καὶ σίτου σπᾶνει
ξυνόντι φρουδόν· ἐν πόνοισι δ' ἥλιος
φλέγων ὑπαιθρίοισιν, ἡδ' οὐλή θ' ἅμα
ἤδη βραχείας νῶν τέχνης χρεῖαν φέρει.
οὐδ' αὖ νεάζων εἴμ' ἔτ', ἀλλ' ἡνδρωμένος
φωνὴν βαρεῖαν καὶ μέτρον μορφῆς ἔχω
τοσόνδ', ἐς ὅψιν τῶνδε σὺν χρόνῳ μολών.
καὶ πρὸς γε δοξάζουσιν οὐκ εἶναί μ' ἔτι·
φιλεῖ δὲ πᾶς τις, ἦν τι νοῦς ἀμήχανον
κρίνη, βραδείαν πίστιν ὀφθαλμοῖς ἔχειν.

ΠΑ. σὸν μὲν τάδ', ὦναξ, ἐννέπειν, ἐμὸν δὲ δρᾶν.

G. A. M.

XXVII.

EVE.

Sweet is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds ; pleasant the Sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams on herb, tree, fruit and flower
Glistening with dew ; fragrant the fertile Earth
After soft showers ; and sweet the coming-on
Of grateful Evening mild : then silent Night
With this her solemn bird, and this fair Moon,
And these the gems of Heaven, her starry train.
But neither breath of Morn when she ascends
Nor glistening starlight without thee is sweet.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, IV., 641.

XXVII.

ΑΛΛΑ ΤΙ ΜΟΙ ΤΩΝ ΗΘΟΣ;

Ἔω τὸ πνεῦμα γλυκερόν, ἐκκαλοῦσά τε
ὄρνιθος ῥῆδην ἀντολή· τερπνὸν δ' ὅταν
τὰ πρῶτα πρὸς γῆν ἥλιος σπείρῃ βέλη,
βάλλων ἔωθεν δένδρα κάνθηράν χλόην
δρόσῳ τε μαρμαίρουσαν εὐκαρπον χθόνα.
στάζει δ' ἐπ' αἶαν καὶ γλυκεῖ εὐοσμία
μαλακῶν ἀπ' ὀμβρων· ἐσπέρου τ' ἐπηράτου
βάσις γλυκεῖα, νύξ σιωπηλή θ' ὁμῶς
καλὴν σελήνην καὶ τόδ' ὄρνιθος σέβας,
ἄγουσά τ' ἀστερωπὸν οὐρανοῦ στόλον.
ἀλλ' οὔτε πνεῦμα τήνδε τελλούσης ἔω
σαίνει σέθεν στερεῖσαν, οὔτ' ἀστρων σέλας.

W. M. C.

XXVIII.

ULYSSES.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.
There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail:
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,

XXVIII.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ.

Ὅδ' ἐστ' ἐμὸν δὴ σπέρμα, φίλτατος γεγώς,
 Τηλέμαχος ὑμῖν, δς πατρώα δέξεται
 νήσφ σὺν αὐτῇ σκῆπτρ', ἐπεὶ κάτοιδε μὲν
 βαρὺν διαντλῶν μόχθον, ἐν χρόνῳ δ' ὁμως,
 ἀπότομον, εἴ τι, λῆμ' ἔθνους προμηθία
 σοφῇ πεπαίνειν, καπὶ χρηστότητ' ἄγειν
 λεπταῖς ὄνησίν τ' ἐρρυθμισμένον ῥοπαῖς·
 ψόγου δ' ἄμοιρος πλεῖστον ἐκβέβηχ' ὅτῳ
 δίκαι' ἀπαρκεῖ τὰν ποσὶ σπεύδειν μόνον,
 ἐς τοὺς ὁμαίμους μηδὲν ἐλλείπειν πρέπων
 θεοὺς τ' ἀγάλλειν εἰκότως παρεστίους
 ἐμοῦ συθέντος· ἔργον ᾧδ' ἀμφοῖν δίχα.
 εἶεν.

ὄρμος μὲν ὑμῖν τῇδε, κἀξωγκωμένον
 νεὼς ὑπ' αὐρῶν λαῖφος· ἄσπετος δ' ἐκεῖ
 θάλασσα πορφύρουσα. ναυβάται φίλοι,

One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

TENNYSON.

εἴτε που ἐς πόντοιο βάθος καταδυσόμεθ', εἴτε
Ἑλύσιον πεδῖον καταβησόμεθ', ἔνθα τε ναίει
διογενὴς Ἀχιλεὺς, ὃς πρὶν μεθομίλεεν ἡμῖν.
αἶθε γὰρ ὥς ἀλκὴ μένοι ἔμπεδος ὥς τὸ πάρος περ,
γαῖαν ὅτ' εὐρείαν τ' ἐλελίξαμεν Οὐλυμπόν τε.
πολλὰ δὲ μοχθήσαντες ὁμῶς τινὲς εὐχόμεθ' εἶναι
—πάντες ὁμοφροσύνη μένεα πνείοντες ἑταῖροι·
τείρει μὲν μακρὸς τε χρόνος καὶ Μοῖρα κραταῖα
ῥηιδίως· ἔχομεν δὲ καὶ ὥς νημερτέα βουλήν
ζητεῖν θ' εὐρίσκειν τε διαμπερὲς οὐδέ ποτ' εἴκειν.

J. A. K. T.

XXXVII.

DOCTOR, ARMGART.

DOCTOR. News! stirring news to-day! wonders come
thick.

ARMGART. Yes, thick, thick, thick! and you have murdered
it!

Murdered my voice—poisoned the soul in me,
And kept me living.
You never told me that your cruel cures
Were clogging films—a mouldy, dead'ning
blight—

A lava-mud to crust and bury me,
Yet hold me living in a deep, deep tomb,
Crying unheard for ever! O your cures
Are devils' triumphs: you can rob, maim, slay,
And keep a hell on the other side your cure
Where you can see your victim quivering
Between the teeth of torture—see a soul

XXXVII.

ΙΑΤΡΟΣ, ΑΡΜΓΑΡΤΑ.

- ΙΑΤΡ. Ἡ πολλὰ κληδὼν τῇδ' ἐν ἡμέρᾳ φρένας
 στροβεί, τί δ' οὐχὶ πανδίκως θαυμάζεται ;
- ΑΡΜ. σύμφημι κὰς τρίς· ἀλλ' ἀποφθείρας ἐμοὶ
 φωνὴν ταλαίνῃ, σύντροφον ψυχὴν μὲν οὖν,
 εἴτ' ἐν βίῳ μ' ἔσωσας, οὐ κατέκτανες ;
 ὦ λῆμ' ἄτεγκτον, οὐ γὰρ ἐξεῖπες ποτε
 σὰ φάρμαχ' ὅτι πνιγερὰ καὶ μελαμπαγῇ,
 μυδῶντος ὡς λειχήνης ὀλέθριον βλάβος
 πηλοῦ τ' ἐπαμβατήρος, οὐ κεκρυμμένη
 αἰὼν' ἔτ' ἂν τείνοιμ' ἐν ἀσπέτοις πτυχαῖς
 ἄκραντ' αἰὲ γοῶσα· φεῦ τάλαιν' ἐγώ.
 ἄκη γὰρ Ἑρέβει προσφέρει νίκην τὰ σὰ
 οὐ καλλίνικον, εἰ βροτοὺς συλᾶν, κακοῦν,
 κτείνειν πάρεστι, τοῦ δ' ἀκέσματος πέρα
 χαίρεις θέαμ' ἐχθιστον εἰσορῶν ὅπως
 στερραῖς τις οἰκτρῶς πημοναῖς αἰκίζεται,

Made keen by loss—all anguish with a good
Once known and gone! O misery, misery!
You might have killed me, might have let me sleep
After my happy day and wake—not here!
In some new unremembered world—not here,
When all is faded, flat, a feast broke off—
Banners all meaningless—exulting words
Dull, dull—a drum that lingers in the air
Beating to melody which no man hears.

. GEORGE ELIOT, *Armgart*, Sc. 4.

δεδηγμένος μὲν θυμὸν οἷ' ἀπεστέρα,
 ἀλγῶν δὲ πᾶς τῆς δῆποτ' ὀλβίας τύχης
 ἦν εἶχε, νῦν δ' ὥχωκεν· οἶμοι μοι κακῶν.
 εἰ γὰρ κατέκτας μ'· εἰ γὰρ εἵασάς μ' ἔτι
 πόνων ἄγευστον βλέφαρα συμβαλεῖν ὑπνῳ,
 κᾶπειτ' ἀνοῖξαι, τῇσδ' ἀπόξενον χθονός,
 λήθῃ συνοῦσαν ὥστ' ἐκεῖ στέργειν βίον,
 μηδ' ἐνθάδ' ἔζων· ἀλλ' ἀπανθήσαντά πως
 δαίμων ἀμαυροῖ πάντα· τὰμὰ γὰρ πρέπει
 θοίνης ἀκαίροις εὐκλεοῦς ἀπαλλαγαῖς,
 κράτους ἀσήμεοις σήμασιν, χαρτοῖς λόγοις
 οἷων περ ἡμβλυνέν τις ἐξαίφνης χαράν,
 καὶ δὴ ματαίοις τυμπάνων ἀράγμασιν
 ἄπυστον ἀντηχοῦσι διὰ χρόνου μέλος.

R. A. N.

XXXVIII.

MALEFORT.

Have I so far lost
A father's power, that I must give account
Of my actions to my son? or must I plead
As a fearful prisoner at the bar, while he
That owes his being to me sits a judge
To censure that, which only by myself
Ought to be question'd? Mountains sooner fall
Beneath their valleys and the lofty pine
Pay homage to the bramble, or what else is
Preposterous in nature, ere my tongue
In one short syllable yield satisfaction
To any doubt of thine; nay, though it were
A certainty disdaining argument!
Since, though my deeds wore hell's black livery,
To thee they should appear triumphal robes,
Set off with glorious honour, thou being bound
To see with my eyes, and to hold that reason,
That takes or birth or fashion from my will.

MASSINGER, *The Unnatural Combat*, II., 1.

XXXVIII.

ΑΝΑΞ.

Ἄρ' ἐστὶ φροῦδον πατρὸς ἀρχαῖον γέρας
 καὶ δεῖ με παιδὶ τοῦ βίου δοῦναι λόγον;
 ἢ καὶ λιταῖσι προστρόποις φεύγειν δίκην;
 κρίνοντος ὅσπερ Ἴνις ἐξ ἐμοῦ γεγὼς
 εἴτ' αἰτιᾶται ταῦτά μ' ὦν κατήγορος
 ὀρθῶς ἂν εἶην αὐτὸς ἢ κοῦδεις βροτῶν.
 πάγοι δὲ πεδίῳ πρότερον ἐξισοίατο,
 χαμαὶ τε θάμνων ὕψος αἰγείρου φόβῳ,
 γένοιτο δ' εἴ τι τῶνδε κάτοπώτερον,
 πρὶν ῥῆμα φάσκειν σμικρὸν ἢ τιν' εἰς κρίσιν
 λόγων μολεῖν με σῆς γ' ὑποψίας πέρι,
 εἰ κἄστ' ἐλέγχου χρῆμα κυριώτερον.
 εἰ γὰρ τάδ' ἔργα μυσαρὰ κάσεβέστατ' ἦν
 στυγνῷ περιβληθέντα Ταρτάρου σκότῳ
 σοὶ γοῦν δοκεῖν χρῆν στέφανον εὐκλείας φέρειν
 τὸν καλλίνικον· καὶ γὰρ ἐξ ἴσου σε δεῖ
 ἐμοὶ βλέποντα πάνθ' ὅσ' ἐκ γνώμης ἐμῆς
 ἀρχὴν ἔχει καὶ σχῆμα, ταῦτ' ἐπαινέσαι.

J. A. S.

XXXIX.

THE LOST LOVE.

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A Maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love :

A Violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye !
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be ;
But she is in her grave, and oh,
The difference to me !

WORDSWORTH.

XXXIX.

ΕΠΙΤΑΦΙΟΣ.

Ναῖ ἁβάτοις ἐν ὁδοῖσι παρὰ κρήναισι Πελειᾶς,
παύροις αἰνητῇ, παυροτέροισι φίλῃ.
λαίθανεν οἶον ἷον παρὰ λειχηνώδεϊ πέτρῳ·
ἦν καλή, οἷ' ἀστήρ μῦνος ἔλαμψε πόλῳ.
ἄγνως μὲν ζώεσκεν ἐπὶ χθονός, οὐδὲ θανοῦσα
ἦ γ' ἔμελεν πολλοῖς, ἀλλ' ἐμοί, ὅσσον ἐμοί.

A. W. M.

XL.

THE LEA RIG.

When o'er the hill the eastern star
Tells bughtin' time is near, my jo;
An' owsen frae the furrow'd field
Return sae dowl and weary, O;
Down by the burn, where scented birks
Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,
I'll meet thee on the lea rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,
I'll rove, an' ne'er be eerie, O,
If thro' that glen I gaed to thee,
My ain kind dearie, O.
Although the night was ne'er sae wild,
An' I were ne'er sae wearie, O,
I'll meet thee on the lea rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.

XL.

ΚΩΜΟΣ.

Ἄστρον ὅκ' ἄφ' ὃν τὸ ποθέσπερον ὥρει ἐπ' ἄκρῳ
 ἀντέλλον σημαίνει ἄγειν ποτὶ τωυλίον οἶας,
 ἀργαλέω δ' ὑπ' ἀρότρῳ ὅκα μάλα τειρόμενος βῶς
 δειλινὸς σταθμόνδε ποτέρχεται αὐλακα λείπων,
 νόματος ὄχθησιν τόκα δὴ ὅπα ἀδὺ πνέοισαι
 ὑψίκομοι πετέλαι λιπαρᾷ τέγγονται ἐέρση,
 τεῖδέ σοι ἀντασῶ λειμῶνος ἐπ' ἀνθεμόεντος.
 ἦ μὰν καὶ σκοτούεῦτα δι' ἄλσεα νυκτὸς ἄωρὶ
 ἄτρεστός κεν ἐγὼν καὶ μῶνος ἐών περ ἀλώμαν,
 αἶ κα τήνα δι' ἄλσε' ἐμὰν ποτ' ἐρωτίδ' ἰκοίμαν.
 οὐδ' εἰ πνεύσειεν πολὺς ὤνεμος, εἰ πολὺς ὤμβρος
 ὠρανόθεν τε γένοιτ' αὐτός θ' ὅτι πλεῖστα κάμοιμι,
 τίν, φίλα, ὀκνοίην κεν ἐπὶ λειμῶνος ὑπαντᾶν.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
To rouse the mountain deer, my jo;
At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
Along the burn to steer, my jo;
Gi'e me the hour o' gloamin' grey
It mak's my heart sae cheery, O,
To meet thee on the lea rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.

. BURNS.

Ἄελιος τὸ ποτ' ὄρθρον ἐφίμερος ἀνίκ' ἀνίσχει,
τανίχ' ὁ θηρευτὰς ἐλάφως φιλεῖ ἐξανεγείρειν·
Ἄλιος ὥς φρύγει τὸ μεσαμβρινόν, ἥ τόκα γριπεὺς
ἄγκ' ἐπισπεύδει τῷς ἰχθύας ὥς κεν ἀγρεύσῃ·
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼν ὥραν κεν ἐλοίμαν ἀκροκνέφαιον,
νυκτὸς ἐφερποίσας· τόσσον κραδίαν τόκ' ἰαίνει
τίν, τὸ φίλον μελίμαλον, ἐπὶ λειμῶνος ὑπαντᾷ.

A. P.

XLI.

BEATRICE.

I do entreat you, go not, noble guests;
What, although tyranny and impious hate
Stand sheltered by a father's hoary hair:
What, if 'tis he who clothed us in these limbs
Who tortures them, and triumphs? What, if we,
The desolate and the dead, were his own flesh,
His children and his wife, whom he is bound
To love and shelter? Shall we therefore find
No refuge in this merciless wide world?
Oh, think what deep wrongs must have blotted out
First love, then reverence in a child's prone mind,
Till it thus vanquish shame and fear! Oh think!
I have borne much, and kissed the sacred hand
Which crushed us to the earth, and thought its stroke
Was perhaps some paternal chastisement!

XLI.

ΠΑΙΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΥ.

Μὴ δὴτ' ἀποστραφῆτε, γενναῖοι ξένοι·
 εἰ καὶ πατὴρ μὲν ἔστι λευκανθὲς κάρα
 ὕβριν στεγάζον κάσσεβέστατον στύγος,
 αὐτὸς θ' ὁ παῖσι δούς ἐνοικῆσαι μέλη
 στρεβλοῖ γεγηθώς, καί, χρεῶν φίλους φίλον
 τοὺς ἐν γένει μάλιστά γ' ἐκσώζειν κακῶν,
 ἄλοχόν τε παῖδάς θ', οἱ μὲν εἰσὶν οὐκέτι,
 οἱ δ' ἄμορον ἐκτρίβουσιν ἄθλιοι βίον—
 πρὸς ταῦτα πᾶς τέθνηκεν οἶκτος ἐκ βροτῶν,
 οὐδ' ἔστ' ἐρήμοις εἰς ὑπ' αἰθέρος λιμὴν·
 ἐπεὶ λογίζεσθ' οἶα δὴ παθεῖν μ' ἔδει
 πρὶν, παῖδά γ' οὖσαν, ἐκβαλεῖν στοργὴν πατρός,
 ἔπειτα δ' αἰδῶ, κὰς τόδ' ἐξελθεῖν θράσους.
 κοῦ φημ' ἀτλητεῖν· οὐ φίλησα γὰρ χέρα,
 τὴν δεινὰ μὲν σκήψασαν εὖσεπτον δ' ὅμως,
 ὥς σωφρονίζοντός γέ μ' ἐνδίκως πατρός;

Have excused much, doubted; and when no doubt
Remained, have sought by patience, love, and tears
To soften him, and when this could not be
I have knelt down through the long sleepless nights
And lifted up to God, the Father of all,
Passionate prayers: and when these were not heard,
I have still borne,—until I meet you here,
Princes and kinsmen, at this hideous feast,
Given at my brothers' deaths.

SHELLEY, *The Cenci*, I., 3.

καὶ πολλὰ καλλύνουσα, πόλλ', ἕως ἐνῆν,
παρῆκ' ἄπιστα· κῆτ' ἐκαρτέρουν ἔτι
στοργῇ τε δάκρυσί τ' εἴ τι μαλθάσσοι κέαρ·
τυχοῦσα δ' οὐδὲν ἄντομαι λιταῖς θεὸν
τὸν πᾶσι κοινὸν πατέρα παννύχοις σφόδρα,
ἄλκῃς ἄμοιρος· ἀλλ' ὅμως ἔτλην, ἕως
νῦν δαιτὶ τῇδ', ἄνακτες ἐγγενεῖς, κακῇ
πάρειμ' ἀδελφῶν τῶν ἐμῶν ἐπ' ἐκφοραῖς.

G. R. W.

XLII.

MANOA.

Come, come ; no time for lamentation now,
Nor much more cause. Samson hath quit himself
Like Samson, and heroically hath finished
A life heroic, on his enemies
Fully revenged—hath left them years of mourning,
And lamentation to the sons of Caphtor
Through all Philistian bounds : to Israel
Honour hath left and freedom, let but them
Find courage to lay hold on this occasion ;
To himself and father's house eternal fame ;
And, which is best and happiest yet, all this
With God not parted from him, as was feared,
But favouring and assisting to the end.

MILTON, *Samson Agonistes*.

XLII.

ΜΑΝΩΑΣ.

Ἄλις γόων· οὐ νῦν γὰρ οἰμώζειν ἀκμή,
οὐδ' οὖν δίκαιον, ὥς ὀδ' οἶος ἦν φύσει
τοῖος πέφανται, κακτελευτήσας βίον
καλὸν καλῶς ἐχθροῖσί τ' ἐκπράξας τίσιν
τὴν ἐσχάτην, λέλοιπεν αἰανεῖς δύας.
πικρόν τ' ὀδυρμὸν γῆς Φιλιστίας διὰ
τοῖς Καφθορείοις πᾶσιν· οἰκείοισι δὲ
τιμὴν ἀπαλλαγὴν τε τῶνδε δεσμάτων
εἵπερ γε καιρὸν τόνδε τολμῶσιν λαβεῖν.
αὐτῷ δὲ δόξαν πατρίῳ τε δώματι
λέλοιπ' ἀγήρων· πάντα δ' εἵργασται τάδε,
ὃ κρεῖσσόν ἐστιν εὐτυχέστερόν τ' ἔτι,
οὐχ, ὥσπερ ἡμῖν ἦν φόβος, θεῶν ἄτερ,
ἀλλ' ἐς τελευτὴν σὺν θεοῖς συνεργάταις.

M. E. T.

XLIII.

PHÆDRA.

O women, O sweet people of this land,
O goodly city and pleasant ways thereof,
And woods with pasturing grass and great well-heads,
And hills with light and night between your leaves,
And winds with sound and silence in your lips,
And earth and water and all immortal things,
I take you to my witness what I am.
There is a god about me like as fire,
Sprung whence, who knoweth, or hath heart to say?
A god more strong than whom slain beasts can soothe
Or honey, or any spilth of blood-like wine,
Nor shall one please him with a whitened brow
Nor wheat nor wool nor aught of plaited leaf.
For like my mother am I stung and slain,
And round my cheeks have such red malady,
And on my lips such fire and foam as hers.

SWINBURNE, *Phædra*.

XLIII.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ.

Ταύτης γυναῖκες εὐμενεῖς τ' ἄστοι χθονός,
 τερπναί τ' ἀγυιαί καλλιπυργώτου πόλεως·
 ὦ δένδρα κρουνῶν νάμασιν περιπτυχῇ
 πολλῶν ῥεόντων καὶ νομαῖς βοσκημάτων·
 ὦ χθὼν ὀρεινὴ φῶς κατηρεφῶν διαὶ
 φύλλων σκιάν τ' ἔχουσα· σιγῶσαι θαμὰ
 πνοαὶ στένουσαι δ' ἀντίφων', ὑμᾶς καλῶ,
 ὕδωρ τε καὶ γῆ, πάντα τὰ γήρῳ φύσει—
 ξυμμαρτυρεῖθ' ὅποια νῦν πάσχω κακά.
 καὶ γάρ με δαίμων ὥς πυρὸς σέλας φλέγει,
 πόθεν δ' ἔβη τίς οἶδεν ἢ τολμᾷ λέγειν;
 ὃν οὐ μελισσῶν στάγματ', οὐ μήλων σφαγαὶ
 θέλξαι σθένουσ', οὐδ' ἐρυθρὸν ἀμπέλου γάνος·
 οὐδεῖς δ' ἀρέσκει τῷδε λευκαίνων κᾶρα,
 οὐ φύλλα πλέκτ', οὐ πέλανον, οὐ μαλλὸν φέρων—
 μητρὸς δίκην γὰρ οἰστροπλήξ ἀπόλλυμαι,
 κάφιζάνει παρῆσι πυρσώδης νόσος
 κείνη θ' ὁμοίως πῦρ τ' ἀφρός τε χεῖλεσιν.

G. R. W.

XLIV.

CROSSING THE BAR.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound or foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.
Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;
For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The tide may bear me far,
I hope to meet my pilot face to face,
When I have crost the bar.

TENNYSON.

XLIV.

ΒΙΟΤ ΔΤΝΤΟΣ ΑΤΓΑΙ.

Ἡέλιος δύσαιτ', ἐπὶ δ' Ἑσπερος ἐξανατέλλων
 εἷη, ἱοὶ δὲ τορὸν φθέγμα καλοῦντος ἐμέ·
 σιγῇ στόνος ὀξύς ἐπ' ἠϊόνεσσι θαλάσσης,
 εὖτ' ἀνάγωμαι ἐγὼ τὸν θάνατόνδε πλόον.
 κῦμα δ' ἄτερθεν ἀφροῦ κινούμενον οἶον ἐν ὕπνῳ
 πληθῦόν μ' ἀπὸ γῆς ἄψοφον εὐθὺ φέροι,
 εὔτε τόδ' ὅττι πέρ εἰμι παλίντροπον, ἔνθεν ἀπ' ἀρχῆς
 οἴκοθεν ἠρύσθην, ἄσπετον εἴσι βυθόν.
 Ἡέλιος δύσαιτο καὶ ἑσπερίη λιγὺ κώδων
 φωνεῖτω, σκοτίης ἄγγελος ἐρχομένης,
 πλοῖον δ' ἀμβαίνουντ' ἀποπέμψαθ' ἔκηλον ἔκηλοι,
 μήτε δακρύνοντες μήτ' ὀλοφυρόμενοι.
 ἐκ γὰρ τοῦδε χρόνου πεπερασμένου, οὐκ ἀπεράντου,
 ἐκ δέ κε τοῦδε τόπου τηλόσε κῦμα φέροι,
 τοῦ δὲ κυβερνήσαντος ἐναργέος ἀντιβολήσειν
 ἐλπίζω, λιμένος βηλὸν ἀμειψάμενος.

A. W. M.

XLV.

MESSENGER.

Occasions drew me early to this city;
And, as the gates I entered with sunrise,
The morning trumpets festival proclaim'd
Through each high street. Little I had dispatched,
When all abroad was rumour'd that this day
Samson should be brought forth, to show the people
Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games.
I sorrowed at his captive state, but minded
Not to be absent at that spectacle.
The building was a spacious theatre
Half round, on two main pillars vaulted high,
With seats where all the lords, and each degree
Of sort, might sit in order to behold.
The other side was open, where the throng
On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand:
I among these aloof obscurely stood.
The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice
Had filled their hearts with mirth, high cheer, and wine,
When to their sports they turn'd.

MILTON, *Samson Agonistes*.

XLV.

ΑΙΓΥΠΤΟΣ.

Χρεία μ' ἐπήγεν ὄρθριον τήνδ' ἐς πόλιν·
 πύλας περῶντι δ' ἀντολαῖς ἄμ' ἡλίου
 κήρυγμ' ἴησι πανταχῇ χαλκόστομον
 σάλπιγξ προφαῖνον δαῖτα καὶ πανήγυριν.
 καὶ παῦρα πράξας εἶτα τὴν μίαν γ' ὁμοῦ
 θρυλουμένην ἅπασιν ἔκλυνον φάτιν,
 ὅπως ὁ Σάμψων τῇδ' ἐν ἡμέρᾳ λυθεῖς
 ἦξει παρ' ὄψιν ὡς ἀγωνιούμενος
 δώσων τ' ἐν ἄθλοις καρτεροῦ πείραν σθένους.
 καγὼ τὸν αἰχμάλωτον οἰκτίζων, ὅμως
 τοιαῦτ' ἐμελλον εἰσορᾶν θεάματα.
 οἴκημα δ' ἦν μὲν εὐρύ, πρὸς δὲ θάτερον
 ὡς ἡμίκυκλον, ἐς δ' ἄρ' ὑψηλὴν στέγη
 στύλῳ τὰ κοῖλ' ἤρειδε, γεννάδαις ὅπου
 ἴζουσιν ἐξῆς ὡς τις εἶχεν ἀξίας
 παρῆν θεωρεῖν. ἐκ δ' ἐναντίας δόμος
 ἦν ἀστέγαστος ἔνθα πον μετάρσιον
 ὄχθαις τὸ πλῆθος καὶ ξύλοις ὑπαιθρίοις
 σταίῃ, θεωρὸς οἷς ξυνὼν ἐλάνθανον.
 θοῖνῃ δ' ἔπειτ' ἤκμαζε πρὸς μεσημβρίαν,
 ὡς δ' ἱέρ' ἔθυσαν, ἵλεω τ' εὐωχίας
 οἶνου τε πλήρεις, εἶτα τῶν ἄθλων μέλει.

J. A. S.

XLVI.

THE BASTARD, KING JOHN.

BAST. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out
But Dover Castle: London hath receiv'd,
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers:
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy;
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

KING. Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive?

BAST. They found him dead and cast into the streets,
An empty casket, where the jewel of life
By some damn'd hand was robbed and ta'en
away.

SHAKESPEARE, *King John*, V., 1.

XLVI.

ΝΟΘΟΣ, ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΣ.

- ΝΟΘ. Ἡ πᾶσ' ἀφέστηκε Ἀτθίς, οὔτι δ' ἀντέχει
πλήν Σούνιον γε, τὸν δ' ἄνακτα σὺν στρατῷ
πόλις δέδεκται πρηνεμενοῦς ξένου δίκην.
πρόμοι δ' ἀπῆλθον, σοὶ μὲν οὐ κατήκοι,
ἐχθρῷ δ' ἀρωγὴν ὡς παρέξοντες σέθεν·
ἤδη δὲ παῦρον τῶν φίλων ὁμιλίαν
φοιτῶν ταρασσει θάμβος αἰωρουμένων.
- ΒΑΣ. οὐδ' αὖ προσελθεῖν ἠθέλησάν μοι πάλιν
πρόμοι μαθόντες ὡς ὁ παῖς ἔτι βλέπει;
- ΝΟΘ. θανόντα γάρ νιν εὗρον, ἐκβεβλημένον
ψυχῆς τε θήκην ὥσπερ ἀγλαΐσματος
κενήν, ὃ καταράτῃ τις ἤρπασεν χερί.

M. E. T.

XLVII.

SONG.

When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me ;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress tree.
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dewdrops wet ;
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain ;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on, as if in pain ;
And dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
And haply may forget.

C. G. ROSSETTI.

XLVII.

ΛΗΘΗΣ ΔΟΜΟΙ

Εὔτε, φίλη, τὸν ὀφειλόμενον κοιμήσομαι ὕπνον,
αἶλινά μὴ λιγέως ᾄδ' ὀλοφυρομένη,
μήτι ῥόδα στήλαισι χαρίζεο, μὴ κυπαρίσσου
ἐνθάδ' ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς ἀμφιχέοιτο χλόη,
ἀλλ' ὄμβροισι βρέχονται πόη, θαλεραῖς τε δρόσοισι,
εἴτ' ἐμοῦ εἴτ' ἄρα μὴ μνήστω ἔχους σὺ πόθου.
οὐ γὰρ ἐγὼ δνοφερὸν κνέφας ὄψομαι, οὐκέτι νύκτα,
οὐ ῥιπὴν φρίζω χειμερίων ψεκάδων,
οὐδέ μ' ἀηδονίδος πανοδύρτου θρήνος ἐφέρψει
θέλκτρα τιν' ὥς ἀχέων ἦκα μινυρομένης,
ἀλλ' ἀπεράντου ὁμιλήσω διὰ νυκτὸς ὀνείροις,
εἴτε σέθεν μνήμων εἴτ' ἐπιλησάμενος.

J. F.

XLVIII.

CASSIUS.

I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life ; but for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar : so were you :
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he :
For once upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, " Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood
And swim to yonder point ? " Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow : so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd ; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews ; throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy ;
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cried, " Help me, Cassius, or I sink ".

SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, I., 2.

XLVIII.

ΚΑΣΣΙΟΣ.

Σοὶ μὲν τε κάλλοις ποῖον ἀνθρώπων βίος
 δοκεῖ ποτ', οὐδὲν οἶδα· τοῦμόν γοῦν μέρος
 τὸ μῆδ' ἔτι ζῆν ἐν λόγῳ ταύτῳ νέμω
 καὶ ζῶν ὅμοιον οἶός εἰμ' αὐτὸς τρέμειν.
 ἐλευθέρῳ γὰρ οὐδὲ Καίσαρος γένει
 ἦσσαν ἐγὼ τε καὶ σύ· σῶμά τ' ἐξ ἴσου
 ἄμφω τ'ράφημεν, χεῖμα καρτερεῖν τ' ἴσοι.
 καὶ γὰρ πάλαι ποθ', ἡμέρα δυσσηνέμῳ,
 θολερῷ ῥέονσα θύμβρις ὡς κλυδωνίῳ
 ἐδυσχέραινε κλῆθρα τῶν ὀχθῶν, τότε
 ἀνὴρ τὰδ' εἶπεν· ἄρα τολμήσεις ἐμοὶ
 θορεῖν ὁμοῦ θύουσας ἐς πλημμυρίδα
 κάκεισε νήχειν; καὶ κλύων παραντίκα
 εἰσηλάμην ὡς εἶχον ἐσκευασμένος
 κἄνωγ' ἐπέσθαι· πείθεται δ' ἐκούσιος.
 ἐνταῦθα δ' ἡμῖν ῥεῦμα πρὸς βρυχώμενον
 πάλαισμ' ἔκειτο καὶ σθένει βραχιόνων
 καὶ δυσμάχοις στέρνοισιν ἀντετείνομεν·
 πρὶν δ' εἰσαφίχθαι τέρμα πρὸς τεταγμένον
 ἐβόησ', ἄρηξον, κύμα μή με ποντίσῃ.

A. P.

XLIX.

ARBACES, MARDONIUS.

ARB. Be you my witness, earth,
Need I to brag? Doth not this captive prince
Speak me sufficiently, and all the acts
That I have wrought upon his suffering land?
Should I then boast? Where lies that foot of ground,
Within his whole realm, that I have not past,
Fighting and conquering? Far then from me
Be ostentation. I could tell the world,
How I have laid his kingdom desolate,
By this sole arm, propp'd by divinity:
Stript him out of his glories; and have sent
The pride of all his youth to people graves;
And made his virgins languish for their loves;
If I would brag. Should I, that have the power
To teach the neighbour world humility,
Mix with vain-glory?

MAR. Indeed, this is none!

XLIX.

ΑΡΒΑΚΗΣ, ΜΑΡΔΟΝΙΟΣ.

- ΑΡΒ. Κόμπων ἔμοιγε δεῖ τι ; γῆν μαρτύρομαι.
 ἄρ' οὐχ' ὄδ' αἰχμάλωτος ἀγγέλλει τορῶς
 τὴν τοῦδε δόξαν οἶά τ' ἐξεπραξάμην
 τὴν πατρίδ' αὐτοῦ ; κόμπον ἄρα δεῖ λακεῖν ;
 ἄρ' οὐχὶ τοῦδε πατρίδος ἐσχάτους μυχοὺς
 ἐγὼ διήλθον σὺν τύχῃ νικηφόρῳ ;
 πᾶς οὖν ἀπέστω κόμπος· ἀνθρώποις γε μὴν
 ἦν πᾶσιν εἰπεῖν ὥς πάτραν τ' ἀνάστατον
 τὴν τοῦδ' ἔθῃκα τῇδε δεξία μόνη
 σὺν θεοῖς γε συμμαχοῖσι, καὶ δόξης ἅμα
 ἐνόςφισ' αὐτόν, τῶν νεανιῶν δ' ἔχω
 Ἕλιδου προπέμψας ἄνθος οἰκῆσαι δόμον,
 κόρας ἐρώντων ὥστε τήκεσθαι πόθῳ.
 τάδ' οὖν λέγειν ἦν εἴ τι κομπάζειν μ' ἔδει,
 ἀλλ' ὥπερ ἔστι σωφρονεῖν τοὺς πλησίον
 βίᾳ διδάσκειν, κόμπος οὐ πρέπει κενός.
- ΜΑΡ. καὶ πῶς ποτ' ἂν τις τῶνδε κομπάζοι πλέον ;

ARB. Tigranes, no: did I but take delight
To stretch my deeds as others do, on words,
I could amaze my hearers.

MAR. So you do.

ARB. But he shall wrong me and my modesty,
That thinks me apt to boast.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, *A King and no King*, I., 1.

- ΑΡΒ. οὐ δῆτ', ἐπεὶ θέλοντος ἐξ ἄλλων τρόπου
 ὅσ' ἐξέπραξα πάντα δὴ στοιχηγορεῖν,
 οὐ σμικρόν, ἴσθ', ἂν θαῦμα τὸν κλύοντ' ἔχοι.
 ΜΑΡ. κάξ ὦν τανῦν γ' ἔλεξεν ἐκπλήξας μ' ἔχει.
 ΑΡΒ. ὅστις τε κομπεῖν μ' οἶεται κείνον λέγω
 κατηγοροῦντα ταῦτ' ἐμοῦ ψευδοστομεῖν.

J. F.

L.

“LIFE IS ONE.”

Which when these heard,
The might of gentleness so conquered them,
The priests themselves scattered their altar-flames
And flung away the steel of sacrifice:
And through the land next day passed a decree
Proclaimed by criers, and in this wise graved
On rock and column: “Thus the King’s will is:—
There hath been slaughter for the sacrifice
And slaying for the meat: but henceforth none
Shall spill the blood of life, nor taste of flesh,
Seeing that knowledge grows, and life is one,
And mercy cometh to the merciful.”
So ran the edict, and from those days forth
Sweet peace hath spread between all living kind,
Men and the beasts which serve him, and the birds,
On all those banks of Gunga where our Lord
Taught with his saintly pity and soft speech.

E. ARNOLD, *Light of Asia*, Book V.

L.

ΛΙΠΤΡΑ ΙΕΡΑ.

Ἄλλ' εὐμενείᾳ ταῦτα νοουθετούμενοι
 οὕτω δάμησαν δεινὸν ὑφερπούση φρένας,
 βωμοῖσιν ὥστ' ἐνταῦθ' ἀπέσβησαν φλόγας
 ἱερεῖς, ἀπέρριψάν τε πολύθυτον ξίφος.
 τῇ δ' αὖριον κήρυκες ἀστοῖσιν τάδε
 τοῖς πᾶσιν ἀγγέλλουσι, τὰν πέτραις τε καὶ
 στηλῆαις γεγραμμέν' - ὧδε κηρύξας ἔχει
 ἀναξ· ἐπεὶ ὅστι θυσάδας βοτῶν πάλαι
 σφαγὰς ποιεῖσθαι νόμιμα κασθίειν κρέας,
 νῦν σαρκὸς ἔστω μήτε γεύεσθαι θέμις
 μήτ' αὖ θανάσιμον μηδέν' αἷμ' ἐκχεῖν, ἐπεὶ
 γνώμη προκόπτει σὺν χρόνῳ βροτῶν γένει,
 ζωὴν θ' ὁρῶμεν πᾶσι θρέμμασιν μίαν,
 φιλεῖ δ' ὅς οἱ οἰκτεῖρῃ ποτ' οἰκτιρμοῦ τυχεῖν.
 προεῖπεν οὕτως· πάντα δ' εἰρήνης χαρὰ
 τοῦντεῦθεν αὐξηθεῖσα τῶν ζώων γένη
 θέλγει, πρόσσιχ' ὅσ' ἐστί τοῦ σεπτοῦ ρέους
 ὀχθαισιν, ὄρνεις ὅσα θ' ὑπηρετεῖ βροτοῖς
 βοσκήματ' αὐτούς θ', οὐ ποθ' Ἠγήτωρ πλέως
 οἴκτου δίδασκεν ἱλεῶ κηλῶν λόγῳ.

G. R. W.

LI.

THE SILENT VOICES.

When the dumb hour, clothed in black,
Brings the dreams about my bed,
Call me not so often back,
Silent voices of the dead,
Toward the lowland ways behind me,
And the sunlight that is gone!
Call me rather, silent voices,
Forward to the starry track
Glimmering up the heights beyond me,
On, and always on!

TENNYSON.

LI.

ΦΩΝΑΙ ΑΦΩΝΟΙ.

Ὦρα δὲ τοῦμόν ὅταν ὀνειράτων στρατῷ
 μελαγχίτων ἄναυδος ἀμφέπη λέχος,
 μή μ' ἐγκονοῦντ' ἐπίσχει, ὦ προσφθέγματα
 ἄφωνα προσφωνοῦντα τῶν ὀλωλότων,
 ὁδοῦς ταπεινὰς ὥστε προσβλέψαι πάλιν
 τήν τ' οὐκέθ' ἡμῖν οὔσαν ἡλίου φλόγα,
 ἀλλ' εἰς ἐκείνην μᾶλλον ἐξηγεῖσθέ μοι
 ὁδὸν κελεύθων τῶνδε τὴν ὑπερτελῇ,
 ἄστροισι μαρμαίρουσαν εἰσαεὶ πρόσω.

A. W. M.

LII.

ATALANTA.

Lo now, see
If one of all you these things vex at all.
Would God that any of you had all the praise,
And I no manner of memory when I die,
So might I show before her perfect eyes
Pure, whom I follow, a maiden to my death.—
But for the rest let all have all they will:
For is it a grief to you that I have part,
Being woman merely, in your male might and deeds
Done by main strength? Yet in my body is throned
As great a heart, and in my spirit, O men,
I have not less of godlike. Evil it were
That one a coward should mix with you, one hand
Fearful, one eye abase itself; and these
Well might ye hate and well revile, not me.

SWINBURNE, *Atalanta in Calydon*.

LII.

ΑΤΑΛΑΝΤΑ.

Εἰ δ' οὖν τις ὑμῶν δυσλόφως φέρει τάδε,
 ἄροιτο πάντ' ἔπαινον ὅστις ἂν θέλῃ.
 ἐγὼ δὲ πότμῳ κατθάνοιμ' ἀωνύμῳ,
 κείνης φανείσ' ὅσσοισι δεσποίνης ἐμῆς
 ἀγνοῖσιν ἀδμῆς διατελοῦσ' ἔστ' ἂν θάνω.
 τὰ δ' ἄλλ' ἕκαστος οἶα βούλεται φέροι.
 ἧ γάρ τις ἀλγύνουτ' ἂν ἐννοῶν ὅτι
 ἔργων γυνή περ οὖσ' ἔχω κοινωνίαν,
 ὅποῖ' ἐδράσατ' ἄνδρες ἀνδρείῳ σθένει ;
 ἀλλ' ἐξεται καὶ τῇδε καρδίαν θράσος,
 ὦνδρες, μένει δ' ἰσόθεον ἐν φρεσὶν τί μοι
 οὐχ ἦσσον ὑμῶν. καὶ γὰρ οὐκ ἀνεκτὸν εἰ
 ὑμῖν συνείῃ τῶν βροτῶν δειλὸς φύσιν
 εἶς, χεῖρ ἀναλκίς, ὅμμ' ἀνανδρίαν βλέπον—
 ταῦτ' ἐνδατοῖσθ' ἂν· τὰμὰ δ' ἔστ' ἐατέα.

J. A. S.

LIII.

ANIMULAE FUGACI.

[*On a Portrait.*]

Beautiful, unattainable and free,
This nymph, the Muses' and the Graces' child,
That of her arts the Cyprian had beguiled
Haunted the groves and streams of Arcady ;
Or by the caverns of the Western Sea
She meditated music, fierce or mild
While to the rhythm of ocean, calm or wild
Her soul attuned its passionate harmony.
And oft, beneath the pitiless eye of dawn,
The early shepherd, summoned by the shrill
Persuasive pipe of Pan, beside the rill
Halting his flock, 'twixt parted reeds would see
Her fugitive vision soon, too soon, withdrawn,
And count that moment immortality.

J. D. SYMON.

LIII.

ΩΣ ΕΝ ΓΡΑΦΑΙΣ ΠΡΕΠΟΤΣΑ.

ὦ σχῆμ' ἄθικτον χαῖρε παρθένου καλῆς,
 Χαρίτων φίλων τέκνωμα καὶ Μουσῶν θάλος·
 σὺ γάρ ποτ', οἶμαι, Κύπριδος θελκτήρια
 κλέψας' ἔναιες ρεύματ' Ἀρκάδων χθονὸς
 νάπας τε σεμνάς, ἧ' πὶ τῶν Ἀτλαντικῶν
 λιμνῶν ὑπ' ἄντροις ποικίλ' ὕφαινες μέλη,
 τὰ μὲν προσάδοντ' οἰδμάτων ῥυθμῶ, τὰ δὲ
 λευκῇ γαλήνῃ καιρίως ἡρμωσμένα,
 σαυτῆς ἐπ' ἐντολαῖσι συντόνου φρενός.
 καὶ πόλλ', ἄνοικτον ὡς ἔλαμπ' ὄρθρου σέλας,
 ποιμὴν τις αὐλῶ Πανὸς εὐπειθοῦς λιγυῖ
 κληθεὶς πρὸς ἀγρούς, ποίμνιον ῥοαῖς πάρα
 ἐπέσχευ ἡνίκ' ἐν δόναξιν ἔβλεπε
 φανέν σὸν εἶδος, αἶψα δ' ἠφανισμένον,
 εὐθὺς δ' ἰδὼν ἐπήσθητ' αὐτὸς ὦν θεός.

J. D. S.

LIV.

SOHRAB AND RUSTUM.

As when some hunter in the spring hath found
A breeding eagle sitting on her nest,
Upon the craggy isle of a hill-lake,
And pierced her with an arrow as she rose,
And follow'd her to find her where she fell
Far off;—anon her mate comes winging back
From hunting, and a great way off descries
His huddling young left sole; at that, he checks
His pinion, and with short uneasy sweeps
Circles above his eyry, with loud screams
Chiding his mate back to her nest; but she
Lies dying, with the arrow in her side,
In some far stony gorge out of his ken,
A heap of fluttering feathers—never more
Shall the lake glass her, flying over it:
Never the black and dripping precipices
Echo her stormy scream as she sails by—
As that poor bird flies home, nor knows its loss,
So Rustum knew not his own loss, but stood
Over his dying son, and knew him not.

M. ARNOLD.

LXIV.

ΟΤΚ ΕΙΔΟΤ' ΟΤΚ ΕΙΔΩΣ.

Ὡς ὅτε θηρευτῆς ἕαρος νέον ἱσταμένοιο
αἰετὸν ἀρτιτόκον τέτμη λεχέεσσιν ἐποῦσαν
οὐρείας λίμνης νήσῳ ἐνι παιπαλοέσση·
τὴν δ' ἄρ' ἀναπταμένην βάλ' ἀπὸ νευρήφιν ὀιστῷ
καὶ κατερειπομένην, ὅπου ἂν πέσῃ, εὐθὺ μεταλλᾷ,
τηλόσε μαιόμενος· τότε νοστήσας ἀπὸ θήρης
αἰετὸς ἦλθε σύννευος, ἐκὰς δ' ἐνόησε νεοσσοὺς
μόνους πεπτηῶτας· ἄφαρ πτερὸν αὐτίκ' ἐπέσχευ
οἶον ἀνιθεῖς, καὶ ὑπὲρ λεχέων βραχυδίνης
πυκνὰ περικλάζει καὶ ὄνειδίζοντι ἑοικῶς
ἀγκαλεῖ ἦν ἄλοχον· ἀλλ' ἡ μάλα τῆλε καλιῆς
κεῖτ' ὀλιγοδρανέουσ', ἦπαρ βεβλημένη ἰῶ,
ἐν στυφελῇ τινι βήσση ἀπόπροθι, οὐ προτιόπτω,
ἦκα τωασσόμενον πτερόεν δέμας. οὐκέτι λίμνη
τὴν γ' ὑπεριπταμένην μιμήσεται, οὐκέτι πρῶνες
μυδαλέοι δνοφεροί τ' ἀντηχῆσουσιν ἐκείνης
κλαγγῇ χειμερίῃ παρερεσσομένης πτερύγεσσιν.
ὥς ὁ τάλας κακὸν οὐ προτιωσσόμενος δόμον ἦλθεν,
ὥς τότε καὶ ῥύστων ἀμφὶ θνήσκοντι βεβήκει
παιδὶ πατήρ, ὀλέσας δὲ ἐὼν γόνον οὐδὲν ἀνέγνω.

A. W. M.

LV.

ARITHIA BILLER.

Ar. Oh, thou coward! thou, before thou speak'st,
Wert in thy cradle lame, wert to make thee
And betray innocence! Thy hand and thou
May glory in the sides of a maid
Fond by her passion; but the conquest is
Nothing so great as wicked. Fly away!
Let my command force thee to that, which shame
Would do without it. If thou understood'st
The loathed office thou hast undergone,
Why, then wouldst hide thee under heaps of hills,
Lest men should dig and find thee.

Bel. Oh, what god,
Angry with men, hath sent this strange disease
Into the noblest minds? Madam, this grief
You add unto me is no more than drops
To seas, for which they are not seen to swell:

LXV.

ΑΡΕΘΟΥΣΑ, ΒΕΛΛΑΡΙΩΝ.

ΑΡ. ὦ μηχανορράφ', ὅς πρὶν ἢ φθογγῆς κρατεῖν
 ψευδῆς ὑπῆρχες παῖς ἔτ' ὢν ἐν σπαργάνοις,
 λόγων τε κλέπτης καὶ τὸν εὐήθη βροτῶν
 προδότης πεφυκώς, ἐξολωλυῖαν πυρὶ
 θερμοῦ κόρην ἔρωτος ἐκκομπάζετε,
 εἰ κόμπος ἔστ', αὐτός τε δεσπότης τε σός.
 καίτοι τίς ὄγκος ἐστὶ πλὴν πανουργίας;
 ἔρρ' ἐκποδῶν οὖν, καὶ κελευούσης ἐμοῦ
 ὃ κακέλευστος ἀλλ' ἂν αἰσχύνῃς γ' ὑπο
 δρώψης σύ, δρᾶσον· εἰ γὰρ ἐξηπίστασο
 ὥς αἰσχρ' ὑπέστης ἀρτίως ὑπηρετεῖν,
 οὔτοι σε κρύπτειν εἰς ἂν ἐξήρκει λόφος
 μὴ δὴ σ' ὀρύξας τίς ποτ' ἐξεύρῃ βροτῶν.

ΠΙ. οἶμοι·

τίς δὴ θεῶν βροτοῖσιν ὀργισθεὶς νόσφ
 ἔπληξε καινῇ τῇδε βελτίστων φρένας;
 τόδ' οὖν, γύναι, προσθεῖσα τοῦμὸν αὐξάνεις
 ἄλγος τοσοῦτον ὥσπερ ἂν στάζουσ' ὕδωρ
 ἐς τὴν θάλασσαν οὐδὲν ἐξογκοῖς πλέον.

200 BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, *PHILASTER*

My lord hath struck his anger through my heart.
And let out all the hope of future joys.
You need not bid me fly: I came to part,
To take my latest leave. Farewell for ever!

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, *Philaster*, III, 2.

ἐγὼ γὰρ ὀργῇ δεσπότης πεπληγμένος
πρὸς καρδίαν ἀπείπον εἰσαεὶ χαρὰν·
ὥστ' ἐν περισσῷ γ' εἰ φυγεῖν με νοουθετεῖς,
ὅστις γε μέλλω καὶ παρών σ' ἀσπάζομαι
τὸ λοίσθιον δὴ κοῦποτ' αἰθρὶς ὕστερον.

A. P.

LXVI

ALHADRA, NAOMI.

ALH. This night your chieftain armed himself,
And hurried from me. But I followed him
At distance, till I saw him enter—there.

NAO. The cavern?

ALH. Yes, the mouth of yonder cavern.
After a while I saw the son of Valdez
Rush by with flaring torch: he likewise entered.
There was another and a longer pause;
And once, methought, I heard the clash of swords!
And soon the son of Valdez reappeared:
He flung his torch towards the moon in sport,
And seemed as he were mirthful! I stood listening,
Impatient for the footsteps of my husband!

NAO. Thou called'st him?

ALH. I crept into the cavern.

'Twas dark and very silent.

[*Then wildly.*]

What saidst thou?

LXVI.

ΑΛΛΑΔΡΑ, ΝΑΩΜΙΟΣ.

- ΑΛ. Ἐν νυκτὶ γὰρ τῇδ' ὀπλίσας ξίφει χέρα
ὁ ταγὸς ὑμῶν ἐσσύθη δόμων ἄπο·
καγὼ τάλαιν' ἄπωθεν ὑστέρω ποδὶ
ἔστειχον, ἔστ' ἐκεῖσ' ἄφαντος εἰσέβη.
- ΝΑ. πῶς φῆς, γύναι; σπῆλαιον ἢ λέγεις τόδε;
- ΑΛ. στόμιόν γ' ἐς αὐτό· διὰ χρόνου δ' Ὀρδώνιος
παρῆξε δῆδα χειρὶ λάμπουσιν φέρων,
ἔσω δ' ἔβη κάκεϊνος· ἔνθα δὴ πολὺς
ἔμοι παρῆλθεν ἐκτὸς ἐστώσῃ χρόνος.
ξιφῶν δ' ἔδοξ' ἐν τῷδ' ἐπαισθέσθαι κτύπον.
ἐξῆλθε δ' αὖθις εὐθέως Ὀρδώνιος,
κᾶρριψε παίζων δῆδα πρὸς τὸν οὐρανόν,
ἱλαρῶ τ' ἐφκει· καὶ παραδοκοῦσ' ἐγὼ
ἔμιμνον, ἀνδρὸς εἰ κλύοιμ' ἐμοῦ βάσιν.
- ΝΑ. ἦ καὶ προσεΐπας;
- ΑΛ. εἴτ' ἐς ἄντρον εἵρπυσα·
λυγαῖα τᾶνδον πάντα καὶ σιγηλὰ δῆ.
αἰαῖ·

No! No! I did not dare call, Isidore,
Lest I should hear no answer! A brief while,
Belike, I lost all thought and memory
Of that for which I came! After that pause,
O Heaven! I heard a groan, and followed it:
And yet another groan, which guided me
Into a strange recess—and there was light,
A hideous light! his torch lay on the ground;
Its flame burnt dimly o'er a chasm's brink:
I spake: and while I spake, a feeble groan
Came from that chasm! it was his last! his death-
groan!

COLERIDGE, *Remorse*, IV., 3.

τί φῆς ποτ', ὦ φέριστε; τοῦνομ' οὐδαμῶς
καλεῖν νιν ἔτλην, μὴ λόγον ποτ' οὐδένα
ἔτ' ἀντακούσαιμ'· ὥς δ' ἔοικεν, εἰς βραχὺν
φρενῶν ἀπέστην, μνήστιν οὐκ ἔχουσ' ἔτι
ὧν οὔνεκ' ἦλθον· καὶθις ὥς ἐμφρων κυρῶ,
στέναγμ' ἀκούσας, ὦ τάλαιν', ἔρπω πέλας·
εἴτ' ἄλλο πρὸς τῷδ' ἐς μυχὸν προῆγέ με
δεινόν τιν', οὐ φῶς δυσθέατον ἦν ἰδεῖν,
χαμαὶ πεσοῦσης λαμπάδος βαιὰν φλόγα.
καὶ τῇσδ' ἐνερθε χάσμ' ἰδοῦσ' ἐφθελγάμην,
σμικρὰν δ' ὁμοῦ κάτωθεν εἰσήκουσ' ὅπα,
στέναγμ' ἀπορρηγνύντος ὥς τινος βίου.

G. A. M.

LXVII

TANTALUS.

Night after night,
While all the halls were still, and the cold stars
Were fading into dawn, I lay awake
Distraught with warring thoughts, my throbbing brain
Filled with that dreadful voice. I had not shrunk
From blood, but this, the strong son of my youth—
How should I dare this thing? And all day long
I would steal from sight of him and men, and fight
Against the dreadful thought, until the voice
Seared all my burning brain, and clamoured "Kill!
Zeus bids thee, and be happy". Then I rose
At midnight, when the halls were still, and raised
The arras, and stole soft to where my son
Lay sleeping. For one moment on his face

LXVII.

TANTALOS.

Ἐκ νυκτὸς ἐς νύκτ', εὔτε πάντα δώματα
 σιγὴ κατεῖχε κἀξίτηλον ἀστέρων
 ἐς ἡμαρ ἤδη φέγγος ἠφάνιζετο,
 κείμεν ἄπνους, φροντίδων δυσχειμέρῳ
 στρόβῳ σαλεύων, χῆδ' ἐφεδρεύουσ' ἔτι
 φωνή, φρενῶν οἴσθημα, δύσφημος πτοεῖ.
 οὐδ' ἦ φόνον γὰρ πρόσθεν ὀκνήσας, τὸ δὲ
 τὸν ἐξ ἐμοῦ γε πατρὸς υἷον ἄλκιμον
 κτανεῖν γεγῶτα, πῶς τόδ' ἂν τλαίην ἐγώ;
 οὐκ ἦν ἀνεκτόν, καὶ τέως πανήμερος
 κεῖνόν τε καὶ τοὺς πάντας ἀνθρώπους ὁμοῦ
 ἄποπτος ἐξέστην ἂν ἐς τ' ἐναντίαν
 γνώμην ἔτεινον, φθέγμα πρὶν πυρουμένην
 ψοστρησε τὴν φρέν' ὧδ' ἐπισπέρχον τορῶς·
 οὗτος, τί μέλλεις; καί σε γὰρ κτανεῖν θεὸς
 αὐτὸς κελεύει καὶ κτανόντ' εὐδαιμονεῖν.
 κακ τῶνδ' ἀναστάς, εὐφρόνην μέσσην κάτα,
 ὥς δῶμ' ἐσίγα, καὶ τὰ παραπετάσματα
 ἄρας ἐφέρπω δὴ τόθ' ἡσύχως ὅπου
 εὐδων ὁ παῖς ἔκειτο· καὶ βραχὺν χρόνον

And stalwart limbs I gazed, and marked the rise
And fall of his young breast, and the soft plume
Which drooped upon his brow, and felt a thrill
Of yearning; but the cold voice urging me
Burned me like fire. Three times I gazed and turned
Irresolute, till last it thundered at me,
"Strike, fool! thou art in hell; strike, fool! and loose
The burden of thy chains". Then with slow step
I crept as creeps the tiger on the deer,
Raised high my arm, shut close my eyes, and plunged
My dagger in his heart.

LEWIS MORRIS, *Epic of Hades*.

πρόσωπον αὐτοῦ πρῶτα γυῖά τ' ἄλκιμα
 στέρνον τε πᾶλλον πνεύμασιν παλιρρόοις
 ἄθρῳ παραστάς, βοστρύχους τε μαλθακοὺς
 οἷτ' ἐσκίαζον ὄμμα, σὺν δ' οἴκτου βέλος
 χωρεῖ πρὸς ἥπαρ θερμόν, ἥ δὲ νηλεὲς
 φωνή μ' ἐπείγουσ' οἶα πῦρ ἐπέφλεγεν.
 καὶ τρεῖς μὲν ἄθρῳ, τρεῖς δ' ἀπεστράφην πάλιν
 τὸ δρᾶν ἀποκνῶν, ἔστ' ἐθώυξεν τέλος·
 ὦ μῶρε, καὶ γὰρ ποίνιμοί σ' Ἑρινύες
 θηρῶσι, παῖσον, δειμάτων ἀπαλλαγὴν.
 ἐνταῦθα δὴ κρυφαῖον ἐξορμῶν πόδα
 ἐπ' ἔλαφον ὡς λέων τις εἰσορμωμένος,
 ὑψοῦ τ' ἐπάρας χεῖρα καὶ μύσας τέκνου
 πλευρᾶς ἐρείδω φάσγανον διαμπερές.

A. P.

LXVIII

TITHONUS.

The woods decay, the woods decay and fall,
The vapours weep their burthen to the ground,
Man comes and tills the field and lies beneath,
And after many a summer dies the swan.
Me only cruel immortality
Consumes : I wither slowly in thine arms,
Here at the quiet limit of the world,
A white-hair'd shadow roaming like a dream
The ever-silent spaces of the East,
Far-folded mists, and gleaming halls of morn.

Alas ! for this grey shadow, once a man—
So glorious in his beauty and thy choice,
Who madest him thy chosen, that he seem'd
To his great heart none other than a God !
I ask'd thee, "Give me immortality".
Then did'st thou grant mine asking with a smile,
Like wealthy men who care not how they give.

LXVIII.

ΤΙΘΩΝΟΣ.

Φθίνει μὲν ὕλη καὶ πίτνει φύλλων γάνος,
τέγγει δὲ γαῖαν δακρύων νέφη δρόσῳ·
βροτοὶ γῆρας ἀροῦσι, πάγκοινον τάφον,
θυήσκει τε κύκνος πολυέτης περ ὧν τέλος.
ἐμοὶ δὲ μούνῃ μήποτ' ἐκτελεῖν βίον
ἔνειμε Μοῖρα, καὶ τόδ' ἄθλιον δέμας
βραδέως ἐν ἀγκάλαισι σαῖς ἀναίνεται
τοῖς ἡσυχόισι τέρμασιν γαίης πέρι·
σκιά δ' ἀλῶμαι λευκόθριξ, ὄνειρος ὥς,
χώρους ἀφώνους, τὰς πρὸς ἀντολὰς πλάκας,
πτύχας θ' ὁμιχλῶν, ἐνθ' ἔω λαμπροὶ δόμοι.
φεῦ, φεῦ,
ὥς εἰμι καπνοῦ νῦν σκιά, πρὶν ὧν ἀνὴρ
ἦβη τεθελὼς καὶ χάριν τὴν σὴν διά,
σὺ γάρ μ' ἐτίμας ὥστε δὴ φρονῶν μέγα
καὶ τοῖς θεοῖσί μ' ἐξισοῦν ἔτλην ἐγώ.
ἤτησα δῶρον ὥστε μὴ θανεῖν ποτε,
συνήνεσας δὲ ταῦτα μειδιῶσ' ἐμοί,
ὥς πλούσιός τις ἀφθόνῃ διδοὺς χερί.

But thy strong Hours indignant work'd their wills,
And beat me down and marr'd and wasted me,
And tho' they could not end me, left me maim'd
To dwell in presence of immortal youth,
Immortal age beside immortal youth,
And all I was, in ashes.

TENNYSON.

ἐπεὶ δ' ἐδυσχέραινον ἰσχυραὶ τάδε
ᾠραι, διέκναιόν με κάσπόδον κακῶς
καθ' ἡδονήν, βίαν γε λυμαντηρίαν.
ἀλλ' οὐ γὰρ αὐταῖς ἦν θέμις μ' ἀποφθίσαι
δέμας μαρανθὲν ὧδ' ἔλειπον, ὥστ' ἐμὲ
γέροντ' ἀθάνατον, ἥπερ οὐχ ἦβη φθίνει,
συζῆν, ἀκμῆς τῆς πρόσθεν ὠρφανισμένον.

J. H.

LXIX.

MARY STUART.

Sirs, whom by strange constraint I stand before,
My lords, and not my judges, since no law
Can hold to mortal judgment answerable
A princess free-born of all courts on earth,
I rise not here to make response as one
Responsible toward any for my life
Or of mine acts accountable to man,
Who see none higher save only God in heaven :
I am no natural subject of your land
That I should here plead as a criminal charged,
Nor in such wise appear I now ; I came
On your queen's faith to seek in England help
By troth-plight pledged me ; where by promise-breach
I am even since then her prisoner held in ward :
Yet, understanding by report of you
Some certain things I know not of to be
Against me brought on record, by my will
I stand content to hear and answer these.

SWINBURNE, *Mary Stuart*, III., 1.

LXIX.

ΒΑΣΙΛΕΙΑ.

ὦ γῆς ἄνακτες, οὐ γὰρ οὖν κριτὰς λέγω,
 πάρειμι ἐν ὑμῶν δεῖν' ἀναγκασθεῖσα δὴ·
 πῶς γὰρ νόμος τις ἂν κτίσει' ὑπέγγυον
 βροτῶν δίκαις ἄνασσαν ἥτις ἂν κυρῇ
 γεγῶσα θνητῶν ὥσθ' ὑπερφέρειν βραβέων.
 οὐδὲν δ' ἀναστᾶς' ἀντερῶ ποθ', ὥσπερ εἰ
 οἶωνπερ ἔζων ἦν ὑπεύθυνος βροτοῖς,
 ἥ μοι προσήκε πράξεων δοῦναι λόγον
 μηδὲν βλεπούση πλὴν θεοὺς ὑπέρτερον·
 οὐδ' αὖ γένει πολῖτις εἰς ὑμᾶς τελῶ
 ὥσθ' ὡς πανούργος ἐνθάδ' αἰτίαν ἔχειν,
 οὐδ' οὖν τοιαύτη νῦν δίκην εἰσέρχομαι·
 ἦλθον δ' ἀνάσσει τῆσδε πιστεύσασα γῆς,
 ζητοῦσ' ἀρωγὴν ἡγγυημένην ἐμοί,
 ταύτης δ' ἁμαρτοῦσ' εὐθὺς ἔρκεσιν συνῆν.
 ὁμως δ' ἀκούσας' ὦνπερ οὐ σύννοιά πω
 δίκην λαχόντ' ἐγκλήματ' ἐγγράψαι τινὰ
 στέργω τ' ἀκούειν κἀνταμείβεσθαι θέλω.

G. R. M.

LXX.

SONG.

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them whaur' the heather grows,
Ca' them whaur' the burnie rows,
My bonnie dearie.

Hark the mavis' evening sang
Sounding Clouden's woods amang,
Then a-faulding let us gang
My bonnie dearie.

We'll gae doun by Clouden's side
Thro' the hazels spreading wide,
O'er the waves that sweetly glide,
To the moon sae clearly.

Yonder Clouden's silent towers
When at moonshine midnight hours,
O'er the dewy bending flowers
Fairies dance sae cheerie.

LXX.

ΚΩΜΟΣ.

Τηνεῖ μὰν ἃ ἐρεῖκα ἄν' ὄρεα καλὰ τέθαλε
 τηνεῖ καὶ τὸ καταχῆς ὕδωρ κελαδεννὰ καταρρεῖ·
 ὥς τὰ γεώλοφα τῆνα, σὲ τὰν Ἀμαρυλλίδα βωστρῶ,
 ὥς τὰ κατάντη τῆνα γεώλοφα βόσκει τὰ μῆλα.
 ἥνιδ' ἐκεῖ λιγυρῶς ἀκρέσπερα τρύσδει ἀκανθίς,
 ἃ ποτὶ ταῖς Αἵτνας βάσσαις λαλαγεῦσα ποτᾶται,
 ἴομες ὦν ποτὶ σακόν, ἐμὰ κόρα, ἴομες ἤδη.
 ὥς τὰ κατάντη τῆνα γεώλοφα βόσκει τὰ μῆλα
 αἰ λῆς, βασεύμεσθα παρ' Ἀκιδος εὐσκιον ὕδωρ,
 φ' πτελέαι θάλλοντι παρ' ὄχθαις ὑψιπέτηλοι,
 κῦμά τε καχλάσδει τρυφερόν, λάμπει τε σελάνα.
 ὥς τὰ κατάντη τῆνα γεώλοφα βόσκει τὰ μῆλα.
 ἥνιδε συγαλέα τε πόλις συγῶντί τε πύργοι,
 μήνας στιλβοίσας μεσονύκτια, ταῖ Δρυάδες τε
 ἄνθεσι γαθεῦσαι δροσεροῖς χορὸν ἀρτίσδονται.
 ὥς τὰ κατάντη τῆνα γεώλοφα βόσκει τὰ μῆλα.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear,
Thou'rt to love and heaven sae dear,
Nocht of ill may come thee near
My bonnie dearie.

Fair and lovely as thou art
Thou hast stow'n my very heart.
I can die but canna part
My bonnie dearie.

While waters wimple to the sea
While day blinks in the lift sae hie,
Till clay could death shall blin' my e'e
Ye aye shall be my dearie.

BURNS.

οὐ μὰν οὐθ' Ἐκάταν τρομέεις οὐτ' ὦν τὺ γὰρ Μορμῶ,
 ὡς φίλα ἐσσὶ θεοῖσι καὶ ὡς φιλέει σ' Ἀφροδίτα·
 ἀσκηθῆς δέ τις εἰ· τὴν δ' οὐ κακὸν ἵξεται οὐδέν.

ὡς τὰ κατάντη τῆνα γεώλοφα βόσκει τὰ μῆλα.
 ὦ νύμφα χαρίεσσα, τὸ ἱμερόεν ποθορεῦσα,
 ὡς ἴδον ὡς καλὰ ἦσθ', ὡς τὰς φρένας ἐξαλαπάχθην.
 οὐδέ κε τεθνηώς ποκα τεῦς, Ἀμαρυλλί, λαθοίμαν·

ὡς τὰ κατάντη τῆνα γεώλοφα βόσκει τὰ μῆλα.
 ἄς κ' ὦν οἱ ποταμοὶ κατ' ὄρων ἄλαδε προρέωντι,
 ἄς δέ κεν ὑψίτερος τὸ μεσαμβρινὸν Ἄλιος αἶθρη,
 ὠκλελαθὼν δέ χ' ἔλῃ μ' Αἶδας, αἰεὶ τὸ φιλήσω.

ὡς τὰ κατάντη τῆνα γεώλοφα βόσκει τὰ μῆλα.

W. M. C.

LXXI.

CANTERBURY.

Therefore doth Heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion ;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience ; for so work the honey bees,
Creatures, that by a rule in Nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king and officers of sorts ;
While some, like magistrates, correct at home,
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad ;
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds ;
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor.

SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry V.*, I., 2.

LXXI.

ΙΕΡΕΤΣ.

Τοιγὰρ θεὸς τὰ πράγματ' εὐθύνων βροτοῖς
 ἄλλ' ἔργον ἄλλοις ὥστ' ἔχειν διώρισεν.
 ὁρμῇ θ' ἕκαστον εἰς πόνον σπεύδειν αἰεί,
 σκοπὸν τιθεὶς ἅπασι τὴν πειθαρχίαν.
 οὕτως γὰρ ἔργα διανέμειν αὐταῖς φιλεῖ
 γένος μελισσῶν, τῆς φύσεως κατ' ἐντολήν,
 δηλοῖ δὲ τοῖον κόσμον ἀνθρώπων πόλει.
 ἀνακτ' ἐπάρχους τ' ἴσθι παντοίους ἔχον·
 αἱ μὲν γὰρ οἴκοι τῶν δικασπόλων τρόπον
 ἀδίκους κολάζουσ', αἱ δὲ τοῦ κέρδους χάριν
 τοῖς ἐκπλέουσιν ἐμπόροις τολμῶσ' ἴσα.
 αἱ δ', ὥσπερ ἀσπιστῆρες, ἐν πανοπλίᾳ
 κέντρων, θέρους συλῶσι τῶν ἀβρῶν γάνος
 καλύκων, φέρουσαί θ' ἀρπαγὴν, μάλ' εὐφρόνως
 ὁδοιποροῦσιν οἴκαδ' εἰς στρατηγίδα.

G. C. M.

LXXII.

HELENA, KING.

HEL. What I can do can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy :
He that of greatest works is finisher
Oft does them by the weakest minister :
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes ; great floods have
 flowed
From simple sources ; and great seas have dried,
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises ; and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldest, and despair most sits.

KING. I must not hear thee ; fare thee well, kind maid ;
Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid :
Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.

LXXII.

ΕΛΕΝΗ, ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΣ.

- ΕΛ. Ἄλλ' εἰ προσαρκέσει τι τὰπ' ἔμοι σκοπεῖν
οὐ χεῖρον, ὥς σὺ παντὶ δυσφορεῖς ἄκει·
ὁ γὰρ μεγίστων πραγμάτων κραίνων τέλος
ὑπηρετῶν πόλλ' ἐκτελεῖ φλαύρων διαί.
ἤδη δὲ πυθόκραντ' ἔπη τεθέσπικεν
τοὺς σώφρονας μὲν νηπίους εἶναι σαφῶς,
τοὺς νηπίους δὲ σώφρονας. πηγῶν ἄπο
σμικρῶν καταρρέουσι χεῖμαρροι λάβροι,
ἄλως δὲ χεύματ' ἐνίοτ' ἐξικμάζεται
κεῖ ταῦτ' ἄπιστα τοῖς σοφοῖς, χῶν μὲν βροτοὶ
τὰ πλείστ' ἔχουσιν ἐλπίδ', ὡπὶ παμφαεῖ
σαίνουσιν, οὐ κραίνει τὰδ' ὁ θεός, ἀλλ' ὅταν
φθίνη μὲν ἐλπίς βλαστάνη δ' ἀθυμία
αὐτοῖς τὰ λῶστ' ἔπειτα δὴ τελεῖν φιλεῖ.
- ΒΑΣ. τὰδ' οὐκ ἀκουστέ', ἀλλὰ χαῖρ', εὐφρον κόρη,
πόνων δ' ἄπρακτον δεῖ τίνειν σαντὴν γέρας·
δασμὸς τοιούτων μῦθος ἔρχεται χάρις.

HEL. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd:
It is not so with Him that all things knows,
As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows;
But most it is presumption in us, when
The help of Heaven we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent :
Of Heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor, that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim;
But know I think, and think I know most sure,
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

SHAKESPEARE, *All's Well that Ends Well*, II., 1.

ΕΛ. οὕτω διαρρεῖ τὰκ θεῶν δωρήματα
λόγοις βλαβέντα· τοῦ δὲ πάνθ' ὀρωμένου
οὐ δῆθ' ὁμοίός ἐστι τοῦ Διὸς τρόπος
χῆμῶν, ἐπεικάζουσιν ἐκ τῶν σχημάτων.
ἄρ' οὐχ ὑβρίζομέν γε τότε μάλισθ' ὅταν
βροτῶν τιθῶμεν τὴν θεῶν ἐπάρκεσιν;
ἀλλ' εἵκαθ', ὦναξ, λιπαρούσῃ μοι τάδε,
τοῦ δαίμονος πείραν σὺ μῆδ' ἐμοῦ λαβών.
γότης μὲν οὐκ ἔγωγε τοῦ κόμπου χάριν
ὑπερκόπως αὐχούσα τοῦ σθένους πέρα.
ἀλλ' ὥς ἐμοὶ σύννοϊδα κεύθαρος ἔχω,
ἱατὸς εἴ σύ, κατ' ἐμὴ σθένει τέχνη.

J. H.

LXXIII.

CHATILLON.

With him along is come the mother-queen,
An Até, stirring him to blood and strife ;
With her, her niece, the Lady Blanche of Spain
With them a bastard of the king's deceased ;
And all the unsettled humours of the land,—
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens,—
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birth-rights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence, and scath, in Christendom.
The interruption of their churlish drums
Cuts off more circumstance. They are at hand,
To parley or to fight ; therefore prepare.

SHAKESPEARE, *King John*, II., 1.

LXXIII

ΧΑΤΙΑΛΩΝ.

Τῷδ' οὖν ὁμοῦ πάρεστιν ἡ τεκοῦσά νυν
 νεικῶν Ἑρινὺς αἵματοσταγῶν ῥαφεύς·
 κόρη θ' ὁμαίμων τῇδε, Λευκίππην λέγω·
 τρίτον δ' ἄνακτος ἐν νεκροῖσι κειμένον
 νοθηγενὲς βλάστημα· σὺν δ' αὐθαίρετοι
 ὅσοι γε θυμὸν δύσκολον τρέφουσ' αἰεί,
 ἄσκεπτος οὐκ εὖβουλος αὐθάδης στάσις,
 τὸ σχῆμα μὲν γυναιῖκες, ἀγρίοις δ' ὅμως
 θηρσὶν τὸ λῆμα προσφερεῖς, κάφέστιοι
 πατρῶν ἡλλάχασι κληροῦχον γέρας·
 λάχος δὲ τοῦτο πᾶς ἀγάλλεται φέρων
 τύχης νέας γε πείραν ἐνθάδ' εἰ λάβοι.
 τί δεῖ τὸ πλεῖον ἱστορεῖν, τοιόνδ' ἐπεὶ
 ἀνδρῶν ἀτρέστων ἄνθος ἀσπιδηφόρων
 οἶον τόδ' ἐχθρῶν ἐν σκάφαισι ναυστολεῖ,
 οὐπώποτ' εἰσήνεγκε πόντιος κλύδων
 βλαβὴν πρόχειρον πᾶσι τοῖς καθ' Ἑλλάδα.
 ἀλλ' ἦδε δυσφημοῦσα σάλπιγγος βοή
 κώλυμ' ὑπάρχει μὴ τὸ πᾶν σαφηνίσαι·
 οἱ δ' οὖν ἀμίλλης εἶτε καὶ λόγων χάριν
 ἦδη πάρεισιν, ὥστε νῦν ἔργων ἀκμή.

A. G. S.

LXXIV.

MEROPE.

For ask at Argos, ask in Lacedaemon,
Whose people, when the Heracleidae came,
Were hunted out, and to Achaia fled,
Whether is better, to abide alone,
A wolfish band, in a dispeopled realm,
Or conquerors with conquer'd to unite
Into one puissant folk, as he design'd ?
These sturdy and unworn Messenian tribes,
Who shook the fierce Neleidae on their throne,
Who to the invading Dorians stretch'd a hand,
And half bestow'd, half yielded up their soil—
He would not let his savage chiefs alight,
A cloud of vultures, on this vigorous race,
Ravin a little while in spoil and blood,
Then, gorged and helpless, be assail'd and slain.

M. ARNOLD.

LXXIV.

ΜΕΡΟΠΗ.

Ἐλθὼν γὰρ Ἄργος, ἧ παρ' Εὐρώτα ῥοὰς
 ἐνθ' ἔννομοι γῆς Ἡρακλέους γόνων ὑπο
 ἔφυγον δίωγμ' εἰς γῆν Ἀχαιῖδ', ἐξεροῦ,
 πότερον ἄμεινόν ἐστιν ψικίσθαι μόνους,
 λύκειον ἔθνος, ἐν τόποις ἀναστάτοις,
 ἧ δίπτυχ' εἰς ἐν' εὐθανοῦντα συζυγεῖν
 λεῶν στρατεύμαθ', ὥς ἂν ᾤν κείνῳ φίλον.
 αἰδούμενος γὰρ ἀλκίμους Μεσσηνίους
 ἀκάματον ἔθνος, οἷτε Νηλεϊδῶν κράτη
 ὠμοφρόνων σείσαντες, εἴτ' ἐχθρῶν στρατὸν
 τὸν γῆς ἔφεδρον ἐνδεδεξιωμένοι
 ἐκόντες ἐξέστησαν ἄκοντες τε γῆς,
 ὠκνησ' ἐκείνος ἀγρίους ταγοὺς ἔαν,
 ὅποια γῆπας, τῷδε καρτερῷ γένει
 ἐπεισπесόντας, καὶ βραχὺν μὲν εἰς χρόνον
 βροτοφθόρα σκυλεύματ' ἐκκαρπυμένους
 ἔπειτα δ' ἐμπλησθέντας αἵματος, χερῶν
 πρὸς δηίων δαμέντας ἀθλίως θανέω.

W. M. C.

LXXV.

STORM AND CALM.

Night followed, clad with stars. On every side
More horribly the multitudinous streams
Of ocean's mountainous waste, to mutual war
Rushed in dark tumult thundering, as to mock
The calm and spangled sky. . . . At midnight
The moon arose: and lo! the ethereal cliffs
Of Caucasus, whose icy summits shone
Among the stars like sunlight, and around
Whose caverned base the whirl-pools and the waves
Bursting and eddying irresistibly,
Rage and resound for ever.

SHELLEY, *Alastor*.

LXXV.

ΧΕΙΜΩΝ ΕΝ ΕΤΑΙΑΙ.

Ὅρφνη δ' ἐπῆλθ' ἄστροισιν ἡμφιεσμένη.
 ἔπειτα ρεῖθρα μυριοπληθῇ πλακῶν
 θαλασσίων, ὅποια τάκ μακρῶν ὄρων,
 πάντη καταιγίζοντα, φρικώδη βλέπειν,
 κελαινὰ δυσκύμαντά τ' ἐς κοινὴν μάχην
 ἔθνε δεινῷ καὶ βαρυγδούπῳ κλόνει,
 ὥς εἰ θεῶν τις αἰόλῳ καὶ νηνέμῳ
 πόλῳ τάδ' ἐξώρινε κύματ' ἐγγελῶν.
 ἔνθ' ἐξέλαμψεν εὐφρόνην μέσσην κάτα
 φέγγος σελήνης, ἣν δ' ἰδεῖν τοῦ Καυκάσου
 κρυσταλλοπήκτους ἀστρογείτονας πάγους
 ἐν ἄστρασι στίλβοντας ἡλίου δίκην.
 κάτω δὲ κύματ' ἐν πετρώδεσιν μυχοῖς
 ἀμάχῳ μένει ροχθοῦντα καὶ δινούμενα
 ἄκταις ἀλιστόνοισιν ἀντηχεῖ βρόμῳ.

J. H.

LXXVI.

HUNTINGTOWER.

When ye gang awa, Jamie,
Far across the sea, laddie,
When ye gang to Germanie,
What will ye send to me, laddie?

I'll send you a braw new gown, Jeanie,
The brawest in the town, lassie,
And it shall be o' silk and gowd,
Wi' Valenciennes set round, lassie.

That's nae gift ava, Jamie,
Silk and gowd and a', laddie,
There's ne'er a gown in a' the land
I'd like when ye're awa, laddie.

When I come back again, Jeanie,
Frae a foreign land, lassie,
I'll bring wi' me a gallant gay
To be your ain gudeman, lassie.

Be my gudeman yoursel', Jamie,
Marry me yoursel', laddie,
And tak' me ower to Germanie,
Wi' you at hame to dwell, laddie.

I dinna ken how that wad do, Jeanie,
I dinna see how that can be, lassie,
For I've a wife and bairnies three,
And I'm no sure how ye'd agree, lassie.

LXXVI.

ΟΑΡΙΣΤΤΣ

ΚΟΡΤΔΩΝΟΣ ΚΑΙ ΚΟΡΗΣ.

ΚΟΡΗ.

Εἰπέ μοι, ὦ φίλε κῶρε, τί μοι πάλιν οἶκαδε δῶρον
πεμψεῖς, πλευσόμενος δολιχὰν ὁδὸν εἰς Μιτυλήναν;

ΚΟΡΤΔΩΝ.

ξυστίδα τοὶ χρυσῷ κεκονιμένα κράσπεδ' ἔχουσιν
πεμψῶ νηγατέαν, μετὰ ταῖς πράταις περονᾶσθαι.

ΚΟΡΗ.

ξυστίδ' ἀποπτύω καὶ χρύσεια κράσπεδ' ἔχουσιν·
τίς μ' ἀρέσαι κε χιτῶν ἀποδαμεύντος Κορυδῶνος;

ΚΟΡΤΔΩΝ.

ἄνερα τὴν ἀξῶ, πλεύσας πάλιν ἐκ Μιτυλήνας,
ἄκρηβον χαρίεντα, τεοῦς φίλον ἦμεν ἀκοίταν.

ΚΟΡΗ.

αὐτός μοι, Κορυδῶν, αὐτὸς φίλος ἦμεν ἀκοίτας,
τὴν δὲ συνοικήσοισιν ἐμ' ἐξάγαγ' εἰς Μιτυλήναν.

ΚΟΡΤΔΩΝ.

καὶ τίν' ἐγὼν γήμω, φθονερὰν ἔριν αὐτίκα θήσων
τέκνοις ἢδ' ἀλόχῳ, οἱ ἐμῷ ναίοισιν ἐν οἴκῳ;

Ye should hae tellt me that in time, Jamie,
Ye should hae tellt me that lang syne, laddie,
For had I kent o' your fause heart,
Ye ne'er had gotten mine, laddie.

Your e'en were like a spell, Jeanie,
Mair sweet than I could tell, lassie,
That ilka day bewitch'd me sae,
I couldna help mysel', lassie.

Gae back to your wife and hame, Jamie,
Gae back to your bairnies three, laddie,
And I will pray they ne'er may thole
A braken heart like me, laddie.

Dry that tearfu' e'e, Jeanie,
Grieve nae mair for me, lassie,
I've neither wife nor bairnies three,
And I'll wed nane but thee, lassie.

Think weel, for fear you rue, Jamie,
Ye'll no get ane mair true, laddie,
But I have neither gowd nor lands
To be a match for you, laddie.

Blair in Athol's mine, Jeanie,
Fair Dunkeld is mine, lassie,
Saint Johnstoun's bower, and Huntingtower,
And a' that's mine is thine, lassie.

ΚΟΡΗ.

ταῦτα τύ μοι λέξαι πάρος ἔπρεπεν· οὐδὲ γὰρ ἀρχὰν
κρήγγουν ἀστόργοιο τεοῦς κ' ἔρον ἀντηράσθην.

ΚΟΡΤΔΩΝ.

τὴν γὰρ καλὰ βλέποισαν ὅπως ἴδον, ἄμαρ ἐπ' ἄμαρ
ὥς με κατέσμυχες, κραδίην δ' ἀέκοντος ἱαυες.

ΚΟΡΗ.

τέκνοις ἡδ' ἀλόχῳ χαριεύμενος οἴκαδ' ἄπειθε·
τῶν δαίμων ἀπερύκοι ἐμὴν ἴσα πημανθῆναι.

ΚΟΡΤΔΩΝ.

μὴ δάκρυε, κόρα, μὴ τάκεο· μῦθος ἐπλάσθη
τέκνα μοι ἡδ' ἄλοχος, τὸ δέ μεν μόνῃ ἔσση ἄκοιτις.

ΚΟΡΗ.

μὴ μεταγνῶς, φίλ', ὄρη· μᾶλλον γὰρ χ' ὑπ' οὔτινος ἄλλας
στέργοι, οὐδένα δ' ὄλβον ἔχοιμί τοι ἰσοφαρίζειν.

ΚΟΡΤΔΩΝ.

ὄλβος ἐμὸς τεός ἐστιν, ὅσον κτεάτισσα κατ' αἶαν
τὰν Σικελάν, καλαί τε πόλεις καὶ πίονες ἀγροί.

W. M. C.

LXXVII.

THE NEW SIRENS.

Pluck no more red roses, maidens,
Leave the lilies in their dew—
Pluck, pluck cypress, O pale maidens,
Dusk, oh, dusk the hall with yew !
Shall I seek, that I may scorn her,
Her I loved at eventide ?
Shall I ask, what faded mourner
Stands at daybreak, weeping by my side ?
Pluck, pluck cypress, O pale maidens !
Dusk the hall with yew !

M. ARNOLD.

LXXVII.

ΣΕΙΡΗΝΕΣ.

Ῥόδα πορφυρᾶ τ', ἄνυμφοι,
κρίνα τ' ἐν δρόσῳ λιπούσαι
κυπάρισσον εἴτε κλῶνας,
μέλαν εἶμα τοῖς μελάβροισ,
ἀπὸ μίλακος δρέπεσθε
μετιῶν κακοστομήσω
τὸ πρὸς ἐσπέραν μέλημα ;
τίς, ἐρήσομαι, τίς ὥχρᾶ
ἄμ' ἐφ' παρούσα κλαίει ;
ἄγετ' ὦ παρηίδ' ὥχραί,
κυπάρισσον εἴτε κλῶνας
μέλαν εἶμα τοῖς μελάβροισ
ἀπὸ μίλακος δρέπεσθε.

G. R. M.

LXXVIII.

MESSENGER.

Then the priest
Set to the flower-sweet snow of her soft throat
The sheer knife's edge that severed it, and loosed
From the fair bondage of so spotless flesh
So strong a spirit ; and all that girt them round
Gazing, with souls that hung on that sad stroke,
Groaned, and kept silence after while a man
Might count how far the fresh blood crept, and bathed
How deep the dark robe, and the bright shrine's base
Red-rounded with a running ring that grew
More large and duskier as the wells that fed
Were drained of that pure effluence ; but the queen
Groaned not nor spake, nor wept, but as a dream
Floats out of eyes awakening, so past forth
Ghost-like, a shadow of sorrow, from all sight
To the inner court and chamber where she sits
Dumb, till word reach her of this whole day's end.

SWINBURNE, *Erechtheus*.

LXXVIII.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ.

Ἄνθος δ' ἐφ' ἄβρὸν προσβαλὼν λευκῆς δέρης
 ἀκμὴν θνητῇ κνώδοντος ἔσχισεν χροῖα
 λύσας ἀκραιφνοῦς σώματος περιπτυχῶν
 ψυχὴν ἄτρεστον· πᾶς δέ τις περισταδὸν
 καραδοκῶν τὴν χεῖρα μαιμῶσαν φόνου
 ἀνεστέναξεν εἴτ' ἐκοίμιζεν στόμα,
 ἕως ἂν ἐκμάθοι τις εἰς ὅσον φόνος
 χλωρὸς καθέρπων τὸν μελαμβαφῇ πέπλον
 ἔχραν' ὅση κηλίδι καὶ βωμοῦ βάθρον
 λαμπροῦ δαφνοῦς νάμασιν περὶ ρυτον·
 ἀγνῶν δὲ πηγῶν αὖ κατασβεννυμένων
 μᾶλλον τ' ἐπλήθυσ' αἷμα κάμελαίνετο·
 ἀλλ' οὐκ ἄνασσ' ὤμωξεν οὐδ' ἐφθέγγετο
 οὐδ' ἐξεδάκρυσ', ὀρθρίῳ δ' ὀνείρατος
 μίμημ', ἀνολβὸν φάσμα, δυστυχῆς σκιά,
 εἰς θάλαμον ὥχετ', ἔνθα νῦν καθέζεται
 ἄφθογγος, ἔστε πάντα πεύσεται τάδε.

J. A. K. T.

LXXIX.

THE CHOIR INVISIBLE.

O may I join the choir invisible,
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence : live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude—in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.

GEORGE ELIOT.

LXXIX.

ΟΤΑΔΕ ΤΕΘΝΑΣΙ ΘΑΝΟΝΤΕΣ.

Πῶς ἂν συνάψαιμι εἰς χορὸν τῶν ἀφθίτων,
 φθιτῶν περ ὄντων, οἳ γ' ἐσαῦθις ἐν φρεσὶν
 βροτῶν ἄφαντοι ζῶσι, κακ' συνουσίας
 πρὸς ἔργ' ἐπήραν ἄνδρας ἴστασθαι καλά,
 ἐρᾶν δ' ἔτρεψαν τῶν φιλανθρώπων τρόπων
 καὶ τοῦνδικον φρόνημα τολμηρῶς τρέφειν,
 ἃ δ' ἂν τις ἰδίου σπουδάσῃ κέρδους χάριν
 ἀποπτύσαι πείθουσι, καὶ νοήματα
 τίκτουσιν οὐ κατ' ἄνδρα, τοῦ ἑνθέου πλέα,
 διαπρέποντά θ' ὥσπερ ἄστρ' ἐν εὐφρόνῃ·
 γνώμας δ' ἐποτρύνοντες ἡπίως βροτῶν
 κηλοῦσιν ὥστε μείζον' ἐξιχνοσκοπεῖν.

J. H.

LXXX.

CORIOLANUS.

O World, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast
sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissention of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity: so, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke
their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear
friends,
And interjoin their issues.

SHAKESPEARE, *Coriolanus*, IV., 4.

LXXX.

ΚΟΡΙΘΑΙΟΣ.

Ὡς ἀσάβητον τῷ γένει βροτῶν τύχη.
οἱ γὰρ τὰ νῦν σύμφωνα δεξιώματα
λαβόντες, ὥστε καὶ διπλοῖς ψυχὴν μίαν
στέρνοις τρέφειν δοκοῦσιν. ἐς τὸ πᾶν χρόνου,
κοινωνία τε χρώμενοι τρόπων βίου,
τροφῆς παλαιίστρας καὶ στέγης, ξυνωρὶς ὡς
φιλία ζυγίντες, αἰτίας σμικρᾶς ἀπο
στάσιν συνάψουσ' αὐτίκ' ἐχθίστην ὁμῶς.
οἷς δ' αὖτ' ἄσαντος ἐνέπεσ' ὁμόφρων τ' ἔρις
ὥστ' ὀψίκοιτα βλέφαρα μηδὲ συμβαλεῖν
αὐτοῖς μόρον ῥάπτοντας, ἐκ σμικροῦ λόγου
φίλοι φίλοις στέργηθρ' ἀμείψονται φρενῶν,
παῖδας γάμων μιγνύντες ἐν ξυναλλαγαῖς.

J. H.

LXXXI.

RENUNCIATION.

Come not when I am dead,
To drop thy foolish tears upon my grave,
To trample round my fallen head,
And vex the unhappy dust thou would'st not save.
There let the wind sweep, and the plover cry;
But thou, go by.

Child, if it were thine error or thy crime
I care no longer, being all unblest :
Wed whom thou wilt, but I am sick of Time,
And I desire to rest.
Pass on, weak heart, and leave me where I lie :
Go by, go by.

TENNYSON.

LXXXI.

ΟΝΕΙΔΟΣ ΑΝΤ' ΟΝΕΙΔΟΤΣ.

Σὲ δ' οὖν ἀπανδῶ μὴ 'π' ἐμοὶ τεθνηκότι
 κωφὴν ματαίοις δακρύοις τέγξαι κόνιν,
 μηδ' ἐμβατεύειν τὴν πέριξ γαῖαν ποσί,
 ὃν τ' οὐκ ἔσωζες ζῶντα, λυπῆσαι νεκρόν.
 ἐκεῖ δ' ἰόντων φθέγματ' οἰωνῶν ἐκεῖ τ'
 ἀνέμων ἄλλαι, σὴ δ' ἀπαρτάσθω βάσις.
 μή μοι λέγ' ὥς ἤμαρτες ἐξ ἀβουλίας·
 ἤμαρτες· ἀρκεῖ τοῦτ' ἐμοὶ παναθλίψ·
 σὺ δ' ὄντιν' αἰρεῖ, σὺν τάχει τούτῳ γαμοῦ.
 ἐγὼ δ' ἀπειπὼν συμφοραῖς θνητοῦ βίου
 οὐδὲν ποθοῖμ' ἂν πλὴν τὸ κοιμᾶσθαι τάφῳ.
 σὺ δ' οὔν, τάλαν, πάρελθε, κείμενον μ' ἔα.

A. W. M.

LXXXII.

BRUTUS, PORTIA.

BRU. You are my true and honourable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

POR. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant I am a woman ; but withal,
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife :
I grant I am a woman ; but withal,
A woman well-reputed,—Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded ?
Tell me your counsels. I will not disclose them :
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh : Can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets ?

BRU. O ye gods !
Render me worthy of this noble wife !
Hark, hark ! one knocks. Portia, go in awhile :
And by and bye thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.

SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, II., 1.

LXXXII.

ΒΡΟΤΤΟΣ, ΠΟΡΤΙΑ.

BP. Πιστὴ μὲν οὖν τοῦδ' εἶ σὺ καὶ χρηστὴ δάμαρ,
 φίλῃ δ' ἔμοιγε σταγόνες ὥστε φοιτάδες
 αἱ τοῦμόν εισοιχνοῦσιν ἀλγεινὸν κέαρ.

ΠΟΥ. εἰ γ' ἦν τὰδ' οὕτω, ταῦτ' ἂν ἐκφορ' ἦν ἐμοί.
 σύνοιδα θῆλυς οὔσα, κούκ ἀναίνομαι,
 ἀλλ' οὐχ ὁ Βροῦτος τήνδε νυμφεύσας ἔχει;
 θῆλυς μὲν εἰμι, κάρτα δ' εὐκλέης γυνή,
 κόρη Κάτωνος· πρὸς τὰδ' οὐ δοκῶ σθένος
 ὑπερφέρειν σοι τοῦ γυναικείου γένους,
 γεγῶσα τοιοῦδ' ἀνδρός, εἰς τε τοιάδε
 [ευχθεῖσα λέκτρα; φράζε νῦν ἅπερ νοεῖς
 ὥς πρὸς σιωπήσουσαν· ἐνδείξασα γὰρ
 ἔχω τὸ πιστόν, μηρὸν αὐτουργῶ χερὶ
 τρώσασα τόνδε· πῶς τόδ' ἂν τλαίην φέρειν
 σῶν οὔσα κρυπτῶν ἄμμορος βουλευμάτων;
 BP. νύμφης τοιαύτης μ' ἄξιον θεῖεν θεοί·
 κόπτει τις, εἴα· χρή δέ σ' εἰς δόμους μολεῖν
 τέως, χρόνῳ δὲ τῶν ἐμῶν βουλευμάτων
 τὸ σὸν προδήλως συμμετασχήσει κέαρ.

W. M. C

LXXXIII.

DEPARTED DAYS.

Yes, dear, departed, cherished days,
 Could Memory's hand restore
Your morning light, your evening rays,
 From Time's grey urn once more :
Then might this restless heart be still,
 This straining eye might close,
And Hope her fainting pinions fold,
 While the fair phantoms rose.

But, like a child in ocean's arms,
 We strive against the stream,
Each moment further from the shore
 Where life's young fountains gleam :
Each moment fainter wave the fields,
 And wider rolls the sea ;
The mist grows dark—the sun goes down—
 Day breaks—and where are we ?

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

LXXXIII.

ΠΟΘΟΣ ΑΠΟΙΧΟΜΕΝΩΝ.

Αἰαί ἀποικομένοιο πάλαι πάλαι εἶαρος ὦραι,
 εἴ γ' ὑμᾶς ἀνάγοι πρὸς φάος αὖθις ἐμοὶ
 Μνημοσύνη, γάνος οἶον ἔλαμψεν ἄμ' Ἑριγενείᾳ,
 οἶον ἀποφθινύθων Ἑσπερος εἶδε γάνος,
 στῆθος ἐμὸν κρυεροῦ τότ' ἂν ἐκλελάθοιτο πόνοιο,
 ὄμμασι δ' εὐκηλον κλειῖστρον ἐπεῖη ὕπνου,
 καὶ πτερὰ συστείλει κεκμηκότα Ἑλπίς, ἄμαυροῦ
 ἐκ πίθου εἰδώλων ἐξαναδυομένων.

οἶα δ' ἐν Ὀκεανοῦ παῖς ἀγκοίνῃσιν ἕκαστος
 πρὸς βίότου δίνας ἀντιφεριζόμεθα,
 μακρότερον δὲ κατ' ἡμαρ ὑπὲκ γαίης φερόμεσθα,
 ἐνθ' ἤβης πηγῶν ἡδὺν λέλαμπε φάος,
 εὐρυτέρα δὲ θάλασσα κατ' ἡμαρ φαίνεται αἰεὶ,
 λεπτότεραι λήων σειόμεναι στάχυνες·
 ἥερ' ἐπεμβαίνει κνέφας Ἑσπερον· εἶτα δέδυκεν
 ἥλιος· ἐξαναδὺς ποῦ τίνας εἶδε βροτῶν;

A. W. M.

LXXXIV.

PROMETHEUS.

Evil minds
Change good to their own nature. I gave all
He has; and in return he chains me here
Years, ages, night and day; whether the sun
Split my parched skin, or in the moony night
The crystal-winged snow cling round my hair:
Whilst my beloved race is trampled down
By his thought-executing ministers.
Such is the tyrant's recompense; 'tis just:
He who is evil can receive no good;
And for a world bestowed, or a friend lost,
He can feel hate, fear, shame; not gratitude:
He but requites me for his own misdeed.
Kindness to such is keen reproach, which breaks
With bitter stings the light sleep of Revenge.

SHELLEY, *Prometheus Unbound*, I.

LXXXIV.

ΠΡΟΜΗΘΕΥΣ.

Κακὸν παρασπῆ τὰγαθὸν φύσις κακή.
 ἐγὼ μὲν ἀρχὴν τῷδε πᾶσαν ὥπασα.
 τούτων δ' ἀποινά μ' ὦδε δεσμεύει βία
 τὸ λοιπὸν εἰς ἅπαντα πλειστήρη χρόνον
 κατ' ἡμᾶρ εὐφρόνην τε τῷδε τῷ πάγῳ,
 σχίζει σταθευτὴν ἥλιος φοῖβη φλογὶ
 χροῶν ἐμήν, εἴτ' ἐννύχῳ μῆνης φάει
 χιῶν κόμας πῆγνυσιν ἢ λευκόπτερος.
 βροτῶν δ' ὑπηρετοῦντες ἂν θέλῃ γένος
 τὸ φίλτατον πατοῦσιν οἱ διάκονοι·
 τοιαῦτ' ἐμοὶ τύραννος ἀντημείψατο·
 ἔχει δικαίως· οὐ γὰρ οὖν ὁ φύς κακὸς
 κεδνόν τι χρῆμ' οἷός τε δέξασθαι ποτε.
 κράτη λαβὼν δ' ὑψιστα κάλλάξας ἅμα
 φίλων πρὶν ὄντων ἔχθος, οὐκ οἶδεν χάριν.
 μισεῖ, φοβεῖται, πᾶσαν αἰσχύνην τρέφει,
 ποινὰς δ' ἐπράξατ', αὐτὸς ἀμπλακῶν, ἐμέ
 χάρις τοιῷδ' ἐμὲψιν ἐμβάλλει πικρὰν
 ὀξυστόμοις κέντροισι δάπτουσιν κέαρ,
 κινεῖ δ' αἰπνὸν ὕπνον ἐγκότου στύγους.

J. H.

LXXXV.

MEMORY.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste ;
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since-cancell'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight.

Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoan'd moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before:
But if the while I think on thee, dear Friend,
All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.

SHAKESPEARE.

LXXXV.

ΜΝΗΜΟΣΤΝΗ.

Ὅταν γ' ἐκῆλου φροντίδος θάσσω·ν θρόνον
μνήμην παλαιὰν ἀναμετρούμενος κυρῶ
πολλῶν ῥαγισῶν ἐλπίδων, χρόνου τριβὴν
νέαν σὺν ἀρχαίοισι πῆμασιν στένω.
κλαυθμοῦ δ' ἄηθες ὄμμι' ἐγὼ μνησθεὶς φίλων,
ὅσους κέκευθεν Νυκτὸς αἰανῆς σκότος,
κλαίων ἔτεγξα τοὺς πάλαι κεκλαυμένους,
ὄψεις τε πολλὰς οὐχ ὀρωμένας ἔτι.
λύπη δὲ λυπῶν εὐθὺς ἀμνηστουμένων
πάλαι καθεύδουσ' αὖθις ἐξεγρήγορεν,
γόων δὲ τῶν πρὶν ἀναριθμούμενος λόγον
τεισιμένον δύστηνος ἐκτίνω χρέος.
τότ' αὖτ' ἔμοιγε σοῦ μεμνημένφ, φίλος,
πάρεστι τὰπόν, πῆμ' ἀπήμαντον πέλει.

A. W. M.

LXXXVI.

ULYSSES.

My comrades are a chosen company
Of men likeminded with me to forswear
Inglorious ease and tame domestic joys,
Fired by a free and generous hardihood
And reckless longing to behold what lands,
What seas, may lie, from mortal knowledge
hid,
Beyond the fabled gates of Hercules;
Till, having through unnumbered perils passed,
And gained experience of new coasts and isles,
Mountains and constellations new, our helm,
Not though I bid them, would they home-
ward turn,
But even sail right on, like noble eagle,
That bird who, when he feels his death
approach,
Doth fix his eye against the sun, and lift
His last flight towards its glory, till his wings
Faint, and he falleth stark and lifeless down.

R. C. TREVELYAN, *Polyphemus*.

LXXXVI.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ.

Συμπλεῖ δ' ἐταίρων ἔκκριτος συνουσία
 τῷμῃ ξυνῳδὸν οἷσιν ἐμπέδως τόδε
 βούλευμ' ἄραρε, δυσκλεῇ ῥαθυμίαν
 οἰκουρίας τε φαῦλον εἰσαεὶ χαρὰν
 χαίρειν εἶσαι, καὶ γὰρ ἐξορμᾷ τὸ δρᾶν
 αὐθαίρετον δὴ κούκ ἀναγκαῖον θράσος,
 πόθος τ' ἀπληστος τοῦ θεάσασθαι πόρους
 ἀκτάς θ' ὅποῖαι δὴ βροτοῖς ἀνεύρετοι
 κλεινῶν κυρῶσ' ἂν Ἡρακλέους πυλῶν πέρα·
 ἀγῶνας ἀθλήσαντες ἔστ' ἀνηρίθμους
 νήσων τε καινῶν καὶ γυνῶν ἐμπειρίαν
 καινὴν λαβόντες, ἀστέρων τ' ὀρῶν θ' ἅμα,
 οὐδ' εἰ κελεύσαιμ', οὐκέτ' οἶακα στρέφειν
 πρὸς οἶκον ἂν θέλοιεν, ἀλλὰ ναυστολεῖν
 αἰὲ τὸ πόρσω, κεδνὸς αἰτός τις ὥς,
 ὅς εἴτ' ἐπήσθαι ὦν ἐπ' ἐκπνοαῖς βίου,
 κόρας ἐπάρας ἀστρόφους ἐς ἥλιον
 ὀρμᾷ πρὸς αὐγὰς εὐθύ, λοίσθιον δρόμον,
 πτέρυγες ἕως κάμνουσι καὶ παλίντροπος
 πίτνει πέδονδε κρυερὸς ἄψυχος νέκυς.

A. P.

LXXXVII.

COME REDE ME, DAME.

Come rede me, Dame, come tell me, Dame,
And nane can tell mair truly,
What colour mann the man be of
To love a woman truly.

The carlin clew baith up and down
And leugh and answered ready,
I learned a sang in Annerdale,
A dark man for my lady.

But for a country quean like thee,
Young lass, I tell thee fairly,
That wi' the white I've made a shift,
And brown will do fu' rarely.

There's mickle love in raven locks,
The flaxen ne'er grows yowden,
There's kiss and hause me in the brown,
And glory in the gowden.

BURNS.

LXXXVII.

ΚΟΣΚΙΝΟΜΑΝΤΙΣ.

Εἴπ' ἄγε μοι γραία τὸ κρήγυνον· εἰς δ' ἄκρον οἶσθα·
ποίας ὁ λῶστος ἐθειράσδει πλοκαμίδας ἐραστάς;

χὰ πρεσβύτες ἐκνάσατ' ἄνω κάτω ἅ καλαμαῖα,
εὐμαρέως δ' ἄρ' ἔλεξε, λέγοισα δ' ἅμ' ἐξεγέλαξε,
Ἄρκαδικόν τι μέλισμ' ἐδάην, "κώρα κυανόφρυν
ἀστικά ἄνδρα φιλεῖ". ταῖς δ' ἀγροιώτισιν ὕμνιν,—
πεῖθεο πειραθείσα, ἀλαθέα τ' ἐξερεοίσα—
ἄρκει χῶ πολιοκρόταφος, χῶ πύρριχος ἄρκει,
πλείστον ἔρον χοῖ κνάνεοι θαλέθοντι κίκιννοι,
οὔποκα δ' οὔδ' οἱ ξουθοὶ αὔσταλέοι κε πέλουντο,
πνεύσιον δ' ἐρόεντα πόθον ταῖ πυρραὶ ἔθειραι,
χρύσειον δ' ἀγλαίσμ' ἐπενήνοθε ταῖς ξανθαῖσιν.

W. M. C.

XCIIL.

ROSE AYLMER.

Ah what avails the sceptred race,
Ah what the form divine !
What every virtue, every grace !
Rose Alymer, all were thine.
Rose Alymer, whom those wakeful eyes
May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and of sighs
I consecrate to thee.

LANDOR.

XCIII.

ΛΩΡΙΟΣ ΕΙΛΕ ΣΕ ΤΤΜΒΟΣ.

Λυδίων, φίλα, γένος ἐκ τυράννων
οὐδεν ἦν ἄρ', οὐδε θέαισιν ἴσσα
μόρφα, οὐδε σοὶ ἐν ἀρέταις τόσαισιν
Ἴδου ἀρώγα.

πάντα γὰρ λάχες τάδ', ἔμοι δὲ κλαίην
μῖμνει οὐδ' ὕπαρ ποτόρην ἔτ', ἄλλα σ'
ὀγκαλευμένῃ στονάχαις ὀνίασθ-
αι διὰ νύκτος.

J. F.

XCIV.

HAPPY INSENSIBILITY.

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy tree,
Thy branches ne'er remember
Their green felicity :
The north cannot undo them
With a sleety whistle through them,
Nor frozen thawings glue them
From budding at the prime.

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy brook,
Thy bubblings ne'er remember
Apollo's summer look ;
But with a sweet forgetting
They stay their crystal fretting,
Never, never petting
About the frozen time.

XCIV.

ΑΝΑΙΣΘΗΣΙΑ.

Μακαρίζομεν σέ, δένδρον,
 ὅτι χείματος μεσοῦντος
 τοὺς σοὺς λέληθεν ὄζους
 φρούδον βεβηκὸς ἄνθος·
 οὐ σοι μέλει τι Βορρά
 κρυερὸν κλονοῦντος αὐτούς,
 πάγος οὐδ' ἔδησεν αἰεὶ
 ἔαρος δ' ἀνθοῦσιν αὔθις.
 μακαρίζομεν σέ, ῥεῦμα,
 ὅτι χείματος μεσοῦντος
 ἀμνημονεῖς τε Φοίβου,
 ἀμνημονεῖς τ' ὀπώρας.
 λήθην δ' ἔχον γλυκεῖαν
 ὑαλῶν πέπανσαι δινῶν,
 οὐδ' οἶδας οὐδὲν ἄλγος
 ὅτι κύμα συμπέπηγεν.

Ah! would 'twere so with many
A gentle girl and boy!
But were there ever any,
Writhed not at passèd joy?
To know the change and feel it,
When there is none to heal it
Nor numbèd sense to steal it—
Was never said in rhyme.

KEATS.

εἶθ' ὄφελον τοιαύτην
ἔχειν τύχην ἐρασταί·
τίνα δ' οὐκ ἔδηξε τοῦτο,
καλὸν εἰδότη, εἴτ' ἀφείναι;
τὸ συνειδέναι στερέντα,
ὅτε μή τις ἔστιν ἀλκή,
Λήθης τ' ἄπεισι πηγαί,
τοῦθ' οἶον ἄλγος ἐστίν,
τίς πάποτ' ἦσ' ἀοιδός;

A. W. M.

XCV.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

King Pandion he is dead,
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead,
All thy fellow birds do sing
Careless of thy sorrowing.
Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.

SHAKESPEARE, *The Passionate Pilgrim*.

XCV.

ΠΑΝΔΥΡΤΟΣ ΑΗΔΩΝ.

Ἐφθιτο Πανδίων μὲν ἄναξ, πᾶσιν δὲ φίλοισιν
ὑπνον ἔχει θάνατος νήγρετον ἀμφιβαλὼν·
ὄρνιθες δ' ἄδουσιν ὁμήλικες, οὐδέ τις αὐτῶν
σοῦ τινα φροντίδ' ἔχει πικρὸν ὀδυρομένης·
δεῖν', ὄρνις, ἔπαθες, καὶ γὰρ παραπλήσια πάσχω,
καὶ γὰρ ὁ μ' οἰκτίζων οὐχὶ πέφηνε βροτῶν.

A. P.

XCVI.

ROMEO.

O my love, my wife,
Death that hath sucked the honey of thy breath
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty.
Thou art not conquer'd ; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet ?
O, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain
To sunder his that was thine enemy ?
Forgive me, consin ! Ah ! dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair ? Shall I believe
That unsubstantial Death is amorous,
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour ?
For fear of that, I still will stay with thee,
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again : here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chamber-maids ; O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh.

SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, V., 3.

XCVI.

ΡΩΜΕΩΝ.

Ὡ κοινολέκτρον φίλτατον νύμφης δέμας.
 θάνατος ὃς ἐκπέπωκε σῆς πνοῆς μέλι
 οὐπω κρατήσας τῆσδε καλλονῆς ἔχει
 ἥσσῃ γὰρ οὐπω· χεῖλεσιν ῥέθει τε σῶ
 φοινικόβαπτος καλλονῆς ἔστηκ' ἔτι
 σφραγίς, τὸ δ' ὠχρὸν σῆμα τοῦ κάτω θεοῦ
 ἄπεστι· κεῖσαι φοινίῳ, Κρέων, πέπλῳ;
 τί δ' ἂν πλέον σοι πρὸς χάριν πράξαιμεν ἂν
 ἢ τῇδε λωβητῇρι σῆς ἡβης χερὶ
 τό σοί ποτ' ἐχθρὸν αὐτόχειρ σφάξαι δέμας;
 σύγγνωθί μοι σύναιμε· φίλτάτῃ γύναι,
 κάλλους σ' ἔθ' ὧδ' ἔχουσαν εἰσορῶν δοκῶ
 ἀμειννὸν ἔκ σου συντεθηγμένον πόθῳ
 Ἄλιδην, δυσειδὲς κνώδαλον, στυγνὸν τέρας
 δυοφεροῖς παραγκάλισμά σ' ἐν δόμοις τρέφειν;
 σοὶ δὴ σύναυλος ταῦτα δειμαίνων μενῶ,
 κοῦ ταῦτα νυκτὸς δώματ' αἰανῆς ποτε
 ἀμειψόμεσθα. τῇδε σοὶ παραστατῶν
 εὐλαῖς σύννοικος προσπόλοις σέθεν, γύναι.
 οἴκησιν ἀείφρουρον ἐξιδρυμένος,
 καὶ δυσσταλαινῆς ἐξανασπάσω δέρης
 πότμου ζυγὸν δύσδαιμον ᾧ συνεζύγην.

W. M. C.

XCVII.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

TENNYSON.

XCVII.

ΑΙΑΙ ΤΑΙ ΜΑΛΑΧΑΙ.

Γλαυκὴ κυανέαισι ποτὶ σπιλάδεσσι θάλασσα
 ῥόχθει ἀκηδέστως ἡμαρ ἐς ἡμαρ αἰεί,
 εἶθε δ' ἐγὼ δυνάμην εἰπεῖν ἃ μ' ὑπῆλθεν ὀρώντα,
 ὅσσα φίλης μνήμης, ὅσος' ἀνιαρὰ φρονεῖν.
 ἦνίδε παῖς ἀλιέως βωστρεῖ μετ' ἀδελφὸς ἀδελφῆς
 παίζων παιζούσης, σὺν δὲ μάκαρ μάκαρι,
 καὶ μάκαρ οὗτος αἰεῖδει ἐπισταμέναισι χέρεσσιν
 παῖς ναύτου μεθέπων εἰναλίαν ἄκατον.
 ἦνίδε νῆες ὁμῶς ὑπ' ὄρος λιμέν' εἰσπερόωσιν,
 νῆες ποντοπόροι κύδε' ἀγαλλόμεναι,
 εἶθε δ' ἐγὼ δυνάμην αὖθις χερὶ χεῖρα φίλοιο
 βαστάζειν, φωνὴν οἰχομένοιο κλύειν.
 γλαυκὴ κυανέαισι ποτὶ σπιλάδεσσι θάλασσα
 ῥόχθει ἀκηδέστως ἡμαρ ἐς ἡμαρ αἰεί·
 αἰαῖ, ἐμοὶ δέ, ἐμοί, κομίσαι πάλιν οὐδέποτ' ἔσται
 ἡματος οἰχομένην οἰχομένοιο χάριν.

A. W. M.

XCVIII.

AMORET.

Then hear me, Heaven, to whom I call for right,
And you, fair twinkling stars, that crown the night;
And hear me, woods, and silence of this place,
And ye, sad hours, that move a sullen pace;
Hear me, ye shadows, that delight to dwell
In horrid darkness, and ye powers of hell,
Whilst I breathe out my last! I am that maid,
That yet-untamèd Amoret, that play'd
The careless prodigal, and gave away
My soul to this young man, that now dares say
I am a stranger, not the same. But why
Do I resolve to grieve, and not to die?
Happy had been the stroke thou gav'st, if home;
By this time had I found a quiet room,
Where every slave is free, and every breast,
That living bred new care, now lies at rest.

BRAUMONT AND FLETCHER,
The Faithful Shepherdess, IV., 4.

XCVIII.

ΝΟΣΕΙ ΤΑ ΦΙΛΤΑΤΑ.

ὦ Ζεῦ, σὲ γὰρ δίκαια προστρέπω με δρᾶν,
ἀκουσον, ἄστρα τ', εὐφρόνης ποικίλματα
τὰ καλλιφεγγή, καὶ νάπας προσενέπω
χώρας τε τῆσδε πᾶν σιωπηλὸν πέδον·
καὶ μὴν βραδείας οἶμον ἐρπούσας βάδην
ῶρας τε χαῖσι προσφιλὲς στυγνὸν σκότος
σκιάς προσαυδῶ, δαίμονάς τε νερτέρους,
ψυχορραγοῦς· ἦδ' εἰμ' ἐγὼ γὰρ ἡ κόρη
ἡ λῆμα θερμὸν οὐποτ' ἐρρυθμισμένη,
ἡ πάντ' ἄφρων, ἡ τῷδε τῷ νεανίᾳ
ψυχὴν γ' ἐμὴν προείσα· νῦν δέ μ' ἀξιοῖ
ξένην λέγειν κοῦ τήν γε πρόσθεν, ἀλλ' ὅμως
τί ταῦτα πενθεῖν μᾶλλον ἢ θανεῖν δοκεῖ;
τρώσαντι γάρ σοι καιρίαν τετρωμένη
πολλὴν ἂν ᾔδη τὴν χάριν, τῆς ἡσύχου
χώρας τυχοῦσα πᾶς ὁ δουλεύων ὅπου
ἐλευθεροῦται χῆ τεκοῦσα φροντίδα
ἐκ φροντίδος φρὴν εὖ τέλος κοιμίζεται.

A. P.

XCIX.

LAODAMIA.

"Great Jove, Laodamia! doth not leave
His gifts imperfect:—spectre though I be,
I am not sent to scare thee or deceive;
But in reward of thy fidelity.
And something also did my worth obtain;
For fearless virtue bringeth boundless gain.

Thou know'st, the Delphic oracle foretold
That the first Greek who touched the Trojan strand
Should die; but me the threat could not withhold:
A generous cause a victim did demand;
And forth I leapt upon the sandy plain;
A self-devoted chief—by Hector slain.

And while my youthful peers, before my eyes
(Each hero following his peculiar bent)
Prepared themselves for glorious enterprise
By martial sports,—or, seated in the tent,
Chieftains and Kings in council were detained;
What time the fleet at Aulis lay enchained.

XCIX.

ΛΑΟΔΑΜΕΙΑ.

Ἄλλ' ἴσθ' ὅτι Ζεὺς δῶρον οὐ δοῦναι φιλεῖ
πλὴν εἰ τέλειον· οὐδ' ἐγὼ σκιά περ ὦν
ἦκω φοβήσων οὐδέ σ' ἐκκλέψων λόγοις,
τῆς σῆς δὲ πίστεως πρῶτον ἐκτίνων χάριν,
ἔπειτα χρηστὸς χρηστὰ δὴ καρπούμενος·
τόλμαν δ' αἵτητον κέρδος ἄσπετον μένει.
αὐτὴ γὰρ οἶδας ὥς τὸ Πυθικὸν θεοῦ
μαντεῖον ἐξέφηνεν ὥς χρεῖη θανεῖν
τὸν πρῶτον ἐμβαίοντα τῆς Τροίας χθονός,
ὅμως δ' ἐτόλμησ'· ἦν γὰρ ἄξιον θανεῖν·
αὐτός γ' ἀπάντων πρῶτος ἐκπηδᾷ νεώς,
αὐθαίρετον πρόσφαγμ' ὑφ' Ἑκτορος δαμείς.

καὶ τοὺς μὲν ἄλλους ἦν ἰδεῖν ὁμήλικας
ἀσκοῦνθ' ἕκαστον οἷ' ἐπασκῆσαι φίλον
ἄθλοισί τ' ἀθροκμήσι πάντ' ἐγκείμενον
ὥς λαμπρὰ δὴ δράσοντας· ἢ σκηνῆς ἔσω
βασιλῆς τ' ἀριστῆές τε συγκαθήμενοι
βουλὰς πυκνὰς ὑφαλλον, εἴτ' ἐν Αὐλίδι
νῆες κατεσχόλαζον ἀπλοίας χάριν.

The wished-for wind was given:—I then revolved
The oracle, upon the silent sea ;
And, if no worthier led the way, resolved
That of a thousand vessels, mine should be
The foremost prow in pressing to the strand,—
Mine the first blood that tinged the Trojan sand.

Yet bitter, oft-times bitter, was the pang
When of thy loss I thought, beloved Wife !
On thee too fondly did my memory hang,
And on the joys we shared in mortal life,—
The paths which we had trod—these fountains—flowers ;
My new-planned cities, and unfinished towers.

But should suspense permit the Foe to cry,
'Behold they tremble!—haughty their array,
Yet of their number no one dares to die' ?
In soul I swept the indignity away :
Old frailties then recurred:—but lofty thought,
In act embodied, my deliverance wrought."

WORDSWORTH.

τέλος δ' ἔπεμψεν οὐρίαν θεὸς πνοήν
 πάλαι ποθεινὴν καὶ τότε ἐν πόντῳ σταλαίς,
 χρησμούς ἐκηλος βουκολούμενος θεοῦ,
 τοιόνδε βούλευμ' αὐτόκλητος εἰλόμην,
 εἰ μή τις ἄλλος ἀξιώτερος θέλοι,
 πρῶτός γ' ἂν αὐτὸς χιλίων νεῶν ἐμὴν
 πρῶτην ὀκειῖλαι πρὸς κραταίλεων χθόνα,
 θανὼν δὲ Τροίας πρῶτος αἰμάξαι πέδον.
 δακρυρροῶ δὲ πολλάκις τὸ σόν, γύναι,
 ὅποιον ἔσται πένθος ἐννοούμενος,
 μνήμην τε κοινῶν χαρμάτων ἀναστένω,
 ἐμὴν τε καὶ σὴν κοινόπουν ὁμιλίαν,
 πηγὰς τε τάσδε καὶ τόδ' ἀνθέων γάνος
 ἀτελεῖς τε πύργους τὰς τ' ἐν ἐλπίσιν πόλεις.
 εἴτ' οὖν ἔδει βοῶντας ἀνέχεσθαί τινας,
 "ἰδοῦ τρέμουσι, τῇ σαγῇ δεινοὶ μόνη·
 οὐδ' εἰς τοσούτων καρτερεῖ τὸ κατθανεῖν;"
 ἀπέπτυσ' οὖν τοῦννεϊδος· εἴτ' αἰθρὶς πάλιν
 τὰ δεινὰ ὑφέρπει μ'· εἴτα δ' αὖ φροντὶς καλὴ
 ἔργῳ φανείσα τοῦμὸν ἐξελευθεροῖ.

A. W. M.

C.

THE NILE.

Out of the unknown South,
Through the dark lands of drouth,
Far wanders ancient Nile in slumber gliding :
Clear-mirrored in his dream
The deeds that haunt his stream
Flash out and fade like stars in midnight sliding.
Long since, before the life of man
Rose from among the lives that creep,
With Time's own tide began
That still mysterious sleep,
Only to cease when Time shall reach the eternal deep.

From out his vision vast
The early gods have passed,
They waned and perished with the faith that made
them ;
The long phantasmal line
Of Pharaohs crowned divine
Are dust among the dust that once obeyed them.

C.

ΝΕΙΛΟΣ.

Ἐκ μεσημβρίας αἴστου, διὰ πλακῶν κεκαυμένων
 τῆλε δίνας ἀμφελίσσει τῆς πολυστρόφου ῥοῆς
 Νεῖλος ἀρχαῖος καθεύδων, ἐν δ' ὅμως ὀνείρασιν
 ἐξέλαμψεν οἷ' ἐκείνου ῥεύμ' ἐπέβλεπέν ποτε,
 εἶτα δ' ἔφθιθ' οἶον ἄστρον νυκτέρων ὁμήγυρις.
 ἔκπαλαι πρὶν βίοτον ἀνδρῶν ἐκ χαμαιγενῶν βίων
 ἐξαναστήναι τὸ πρῶτον, κείνος ὕπνος ἤρξατο,
 σὺν Χρόνῳ ῥέων ῥέοντι, θαῦμ' ἔτ' ἀνθρώποις μέγα,
 οὐδὲ παύσεται πρὶν αὐτὸς εἰσαεὶ δύη Χρόνος.

πολλὰ μὲν κατεῖδε Νεῖλος, πολλὰ δ' αὖ παροίχεται·
 τοὺς πάλαι θεοὺς παλαιοῖς ἀνδράσιν τετιμένους
 πίστις ἐξέφυσε πρῶτον, ἔφθισεν δ' ἀπιστία,
 τοὺς τε Φαρόας τυράννους, τοὺς θεοῖς ἰσουμένους,
 χθὼν κέκευθ', εἶδωλ' ἀμαυρὰ τῶν τεθνηκότων ὅπως,
 ἐν κόνει κόνιν, κρατοῦντας τοῖς κρατουμένοις ὁμοῦ.

Their land is one mute burial mound,
Save when across the drifted years
Some chant of hollow sound,
Some triumph blent with tears,
From Memnon's lips at dawn wakens the desert meres.

O Nile, and can it be
No memory dwells with thee
Of Grecian lore and the sweet Grecian singer?
The legions' iron tramp,
The Goths' wide-wandering camp,
Had these no fame that by thy shore might linger?
Nay, then must all be lost indeed,
Lost too the swift pursuing might
That cleft with passionate speed
Aboukir's tranquil night,
And shattered in mid-swoop the great world-eagle's
flight.

Yet have there been on earth
Spirits of starry birth,
Whose splendour rushed to no eternal setting:
They over all endure,
Their course through all is sure,
The dark world's light is still of their begetting.
Though the long past forgotten lies,
Nile! in thy dream remember him,
Whose like no more shall rise
Above our twilight's rim,
Until the immortal dawn shall make all glories dim.

γῆν δ' ἔχει πᾶσαν σιωπῇ, τύμβον ὥς κωφὸν νεκρῶν,
 πλὴν ὅταν διὰ κλύδωνα τῶν ὀλωλότων ἐτῶν
 ἔξακουσθῇ κοῖλος ἦχος κλαυμάτων κεκραμένος,
 ὥς ὁμοῦ παιᾶνι θρήνος, Μέμνονος δ' ἐωθινὸν
 φθέγμα λιμνῶν ἐξεγείρη τὰς ἐρημαίας πλάκας.

Νεῖλε, σοὶ δ' ἄρ' οὐκέτ' οὐδὲν ἐμμένει μνήμης ἔτι,
 οὐτ' αἰοιδῶν οὓς ἔθρεψεν Ἑλλὰς οὔτε τῶν σοφῶν;
 οὐδὲ Ῥωμαίων φαλάγγων οὐδὲ τῶν πλανωμένων
 Γοτθικῶν, ὦ Νεῖλε, μνήστις σαῖς παρ' ὄχθαισι μένει;
 ἐξίτηλα δ' εἰ ταῦτ' ἔστιν, οὐδὲν ἂν σώζοιτ' ἔτι,
 ἀλλὰ φροῦδα πάντα, φρούδη δεινόπους κείνου βία,
 ἀμφ' Ἀβούκιρ ὅστις ἄξας νυκτὸς εὐκῆλου διὰ
 τοῦ παναγρέως μεσοῦντα ῥόμβον ἔσχεν Ἀετοῦ.

Ἄλλ' ἔθρεψεν ἦδε γαῖα καρτερωτέρους τινάς,
 οἵπερ ἀντειλαντες ἄστρον ἀντολαῖσιν εἵκελοι
 οὐχ ὁμοίως τὴν ἀφραστον εἰς δύσιν κατέδραμον.
 οἱ δ' ὑπὲρ πάντων μένοντες ἀσφαλῇ πάντων διὰ
 μίαν ὁδὸν τηροῦσιν αἰεὶ καὶ μόνων τούτων ἀπο
 τοὺς βροτοὺς δέδορκε φέγγος ἐν σκότει καθημένους.
 εἰ δ' ἅπας ὁ μακρὸς αἰὼν τοῦ παρελθόντος χρόνου
 οἴχεται Λήθης κατ' οὖρον, ἐν δὲ σοῖς ὀνείρασι,
 Νεῖλε, κείνου γ' ἴσχε μνήστιν, ᾧπερ οὐκ ἴσον φάος
 τήνδ' ὑπὲρ γαῖαν κρεφαίαν οὐποτ' ἀντελεῖ πρὶν ἂν
 ἀθανάτης ἔω τὰ θνητὰ φῶς ἀποσβέσῃ φάη.

For this man was not great
By gold or kingly state,
Or the bright sword, or knowledge of earth's wonder;
But more than all his race
He saw life face to face,
And heard the still small voice above the thunder.
O river, while thy waters roll
By yonder vast deserted tomb,
There, where so clear a soul
So shone through gathering doom,
Thou and thy land shall keep the tale of lost Khar-
toun.

HENRY NEWBOLT.

οὗτος οὐ χρυσῷ μέγας τις, οὐ τυραννικῷ στόλῳ,
οὐ χθονὸς τὰ θαύματ' εἰδώς, οὐ ξίφει τεθηγμένῳ,
ὥς δ' ἐναργῶς μᾶλλον ἐτέρων μοῖραν ἀνθρώπων ἰδὼν
καὶ διὰ βροντῆς ἀκούσας φθέγμα τοῦ θεοῦ τορόν·
ὥσθ' ἕως αἶν, Νεῖλε ποταμέ, ῥεῦμ' ἐλίσσεται τὸ σὸν
παρὰ μέγαν σεμνόν τ' ἐκείνον τύμβον ἡρημωμένον,
οὐπερ ἐν σκότῳ τοσοῦτ' ὅσον ἀνέφλεγεν θράσος,
καὶ σὺ καὶ σὴ χθὼν ἐκείνου τὸ κλέος φυλάξετε.

A. W. M.

EPIGRAMMATA.

I.

ΟΤ ΠΟΛΤ ΔΙΑΦΕΡΕΙ ΑΝΘΡΩΠΟΣ ΑΝΘΡΩΠΟΥ.

Πεντήκοντά ποτ' ἄνδρες ἄνακτι φέρον πύθον οἶνον
πεντήκοντ' ἀγαθοί, πλὴν ἑνός· εἷς δὲ κακός,
ὃς τάδε βυσσοδομεύει, "ἐγὼ μόνος οὐδὲν ἐσοίσω·
ἔστι γὰρ ἐν πολλοῖς μῦνον ἕοντα λαβεῖν".
βῆ δ' ἄρ' ἄναξ πίνειν, οἶνον δ' οὐχ ἤδετο πίνων·
οὐδὲ γὰρ οὐδὲν ἐνὴν· πάντες ὁμοῖοι ἄγαν.

A. W. M.

II.

ΝΙΚΑΙ Δ' Ο ΠΡΩΤΟΣ ΚΑΙ ΤΕΛΕΤΤΑΙΟΣ ΔΡΑΜΩΝ.

Μειλανίων ποτ' ἀγῶσιw ἐν ὠκυδρόμοις Ἀταλάντην
νικήσας φιλίην ἔλλαχεν ἡδύγαμον.
φῆ δ' ἄρα μειδιῶν πρὸς παρθένον, “ἀργέτι κούρη,
ἤκομεν ἐξ ἑρίδος κρείσσονες ἀμφότεροι·
καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼ σ' ἐδάμασσα δρόμοις, σὸν δ' ἔξοχον ἡμᾶς
κάλλος ἐνίκησεν καὶ φθάμενον κρατεῖ”.

W. B. A.

III.

ΩΣ ΑΙΕΙ ΤΟΝ ΟΜΟΙΟΝ ΑΓΕΙ ΘΕΟΣ ΩΣ, ΤΟΝ ΟΜΟΙΟΝ.

Χαῖρε καὶ εἰν Ἴδω θalάμοισι, περικλυτὲ Κῦρε,
εὐρυβία Περσῶν τοξοφόρων βασιλεῦ·
ἐνθάδε τοι χρόνιος, δολιχὴν ὁδὸν οἴκοθεν ἤκων
Ἴονίου τε λιπὼν ἡϊόνας πελάγους,
εὐσεβέως σὸν μνήμ' ἀσπάζομαι, ἴσθι δέ μ' ὄντα
τοῦνομ' Ἀλέξανδρον, κείμεν γένος Μακεδών.

J. F.

IV.

ΑΙΤΙΑ ΕΛΘΟΜΕΝΟΥ· ΘΕΟΣ ΑΝΑΙΤΙΟΣ.

Ναυτίλε, ναυγγοῦ κενὸν τάφον ἐνθάδε λεύσσεις·
ὅστέα δ' ἐν πόντῳ κῦμα κατακλονέει
μεμφέσθω μὴ δαίμον' ἀναίτιον· αἴτιος αὐτὸς
ὅστις ἐπ' ἐμπορίην εἴλετο ποντοπορεῖν.

A. W. M.

V.

A NAMELESS EPITAPH.

Ask not my name, O friend !
That Being only, which hath known each man
From the beginning, can
Remember each unto the end.

M. ARNOLD.

VI.

My soul, sit thou a patient looker on.
Judge not the Play before the Play is done :
Her Plot has many changes : every day
Speaks a new scene : the last act crowns the Play.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

V.

ΟΤ ΜΕΝ ΓΑΡ ΤΙΣ ΠΑΜΠΙΑΝ ΑΝΩΝΤΜΟΣ ΕΣΤ'
ΑΝΘΡΩΠΩΝ.

Μὴ σύ γε τοῦνομ' ἐροῦ, φίλ', ὁ γὰρ γνοῦς πρῶτον ἑκάστον
κὰς τέλος ἂν μόνος μνήστιν ἑκάστου ἔχοι.

J. F.

VI.

Ψυχὴ ἐμή, τλήμων σὺ καθημένη ὥστε θεωρὸς
μή τι τὸ δράμα θέλε, πρὶν τέλος ἧ, δικάσαι·
μύρια γὰρ τᾶν μέσσω· ἐπεισόδιον μὲν ἑκάστον
ἦμαρ ἄγει, θριγκὸς δ' ἐξοδὸς ἐστι, φίλη.

J. F.

VII.

Stop, thief ! Dame Nature cried to Death,
As Willie drew his latest breath ;
You have my choicest model ta'en,
How shall I make a fool again ?

BURNS.

VII.

“Κηρύσσω Θάνατον”, φυσίζοος ἤπνε Γαῖα
Ἄιδην, εὔτε πνοήν Μυρτίλος ὕστατ’ ἔπνει.
“ἀλλὰ σὺ γὰρ βέλτιστον ἀφῆρηκας παράδειγμα,
πῶς ἄρ’ ἐγὼν αὖθις μωρὸν ἀπεργάσομαι;”
J. A. S.

VIII.

Upon thy mother's knees, a new born child,
Weeping thou sat'st while all around thee smiled.
So live that when thou tak'st thy last long sleep
Calm thou may'st smile, while all around thee weep.

From the Persian.

VIII.

Ἄρτίτοκος σὺ φίλης ἀπαλοῖς ἐπὶ γούνασι μητρὸς
ἔζεο δακρυόεις, πάντα δέ σ' ἀμφ' ἐγέλα·
πρᾶσσε δ' ὅπως ποτέ, παῖ, τὸν νήγρετον ὕπνον ἰαύης
μειδιῶν, κλαίῃ πάντα παριστάμενα.

A. W. M.

Ἄρτίτοκον βρέφος ὦν ἐπὶ γούνασι μητρὸς ἔκεισο
δακρυχέων ὅτε πᾶς ἀμφὶ σὲ μειδιάα,
ᾧδε σε χρή ζῆν ὥστε λαβόντα πανύστατον ὕπνον
μειδιάαν ὅτε πᾶς ἀμφὶ σὲ δακρυχέει.

J. H.

Παῖς νεογιλὸς ἔων ἐπὶ γούνασι μητρὸς ἔκεισο
ἡδομένων πάντων μούνος ὀδυρόμενος.
ᾧδε βίον διάγοις ὡς νήγρετον ὕπνον ἐπισπείν
ἡδόμενος πάντων μούνος ὀδυρομένων.

A. P.

IX.

Though the Muse be gone away,
Though she move not earth to-day,
Souls, erewhile who caught her word,
Ah! still harp on what they heard.

M. ARNOLD.

IX.

Ἡ Μοῦσα μὲν βέβηκεν, οὐκέτ' ὕστερον
βροτοῖς ὁμιλήσουσα κηλήσουσά τε,
ὅσοι δ' ἐκείνης φθέγματ' ἤκουσάν ποτε,
χαίρουσι καὶ νῦν ταῦτα βουκολούμενοι.

A. W. M.

X.

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory ;
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.
Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the beloved's bed ;
And so thy thoughts when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

SHELLEY.

X.

φθέγγεται ἤδὺ μέλος καὶ ὁμῶς λήγοντος αἰδοῦ
ζῆ τ' εὐδομον ἰοῦ πνεῦμα μαραιομένου·
ἔστρωταί τε ῥόδων φύλλοις λέχος· ἐν δὲ μερίμναις
σοῦ καὶ ἀποφθιμένου κείσεται αὐτὸς Ἔρως.

J. A. K. T.

NUGAE.

I.

MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB.

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.
It followed her to school one day—
Which was against the rule—
It made the children laugh and play
To see a lamb at school.
The teacher therefore turned it out ;
But still it lingered near,
And on the grass it played about
Till Mary did appear.
“ What makes the lamb love Mary so ? ”
The eager children cry.
“ Why, Mary loves the lamb, you know, ”
The teacher did reply.

I

ΔΑΦΝΗΣ AMNION.

Ἄμνος ποτ' ἔσκε Δάφνη
λευκότριχος χιών ὥς,
Δάφνη δ' ὅποι βαδίζοι
ἄμνος συνείπετ' αὐτῇ.
συνέσπετ' οὐ θεμιστῶς
ὁδ' εἰς διδασκαλεῖον·
γελῶσι δ' οἱ μαθηταὶ
φοιτῶνθ' ὁρῶντες ἄμνον.
ὁ δ' οὖν νυν ἐξέκλησε
διδάσκαλος· πέλας δὲ
ἀνὰ τὴν πόλιν ἔπαιζεν,
ἕως προῆλθε Δάφνη.
ἔρεται δὲ τῶν τέκνων τις,
τί τὰμνίῳ ποθεῖται
Δάφνη τοσόνδ' ; ὁ δ' εἶπε
διδάσκαλος, "τί θαῦμα ;
ἐρώσα γ' ἀντερᾶται."

W. M. C.

II.

Some hae meat, an' canna eat,
An' some wad eat that want it ;
But we hae meat, an' we can eat,
And sae the Lord be thankit.

BURNS.

III.

"They say the camel can go thirty days without a
drink ; but who the devil wants to be a camel ?"

II.

Ἔνιοι μὲν οἷσι σῆτος
ἱκανὸς πάρεστι, σίτου δ'
ἀπόλωλε πᾶσ' ὄρεξις·
ἔνιοι δ' ἔχουσι ταύτην,
ἀπόρως δ' ἔχουσ' ἐκείνου·
ἀτὰρ ἡμῖν ἔστον ἄμφω,
χάριν οὖν θεοῖς διδῶμεν.

A. P.

III.

Ἦματα πόλλ' ἀπότους ἀνέχεσθαι φασι καμήλους,
τὸν δὲ καμηλώδη τίς κ' ἀνέχοιτο βίον;

G. A. M.

IV.

Tak' awa' Aberdeen an' twal' mile roon, an' whaur are ye?

IV.

Ἐξελ' Ἀβερδονίην πεδίου τ' ἔνθεν τε καὶ ἔνθεν
ὥς ἑκατὸν σταδίους· αὐτίκ' ἔτ' οὐδὲν ἔχεις.

Λαμπὰς μὲν ἀστέων ἔστ' Ἀβρηδονίη μόνη,
τὰ δ' ἄλλα φαύλης σπινθαρίσ θρυαλλίδος.

Ἐξελ' Ἀβρηδονίην καὶ τὴν περιναιετάωσαν·
Ἥλιος οὐρανίας ἐξαπόλωλε πλακός.

Ὡς τις ἐπώνυμον Ἀρμονίην σ' ὀνόμηνε πρεπόντως·
νόσφι γὰρ Ἀρμονίης οὐποτ' ἂν ἔπλε τὸ πᾶν.

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